HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 121.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

I have been in a house in 15th St with Mr Key. how many times I dont know

* *

* * * * * * * this I have written with my bedroom door open and my maid & child in the adjoining room — 8½ oclock in the evening — Miss Ridgely is in the house within call —

Teresa Bagioli —

February 26th /59 (Lafayette Square)

Mr & Mrs Pendleton dined here two weeks ago last Thursday with a large party — Mr Key was also here her brother and at my suggestion he was invited because he lived in the same house and also because he had invited Mr Sickles to dine with him and Mr Sickles wished to invite all those from whom he had ~~refused~~ received invitations and Mr Sickles said "do as you choose" —

Teresa Bagioli —

Written and signed in presence of —

O M Ridgely
Bridget Duffey Feb 26th

FAC-SIMILE OF MRS. SICKLES'S CONFESSION.

MRS. SICKLES'S CONFESSION.

The fac-simile on the preceding page is another link in the painful tragedy which is now being worked out at Washington. We give in our news columns a full report of the trial as far as it has gone. On the fac-simile, the only remark we will make is, that the contrast between the neat, close, small writing with which the document begins, and the large, slovenly penmanship of the close, shows the fearful struggle through which the unfortunate woman had passed.

MY LIFE IS WRONG.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

What shall I do to live aright?
My life is wrong, I feel it so:
I bear about a muffled woe,
I perish with a nameless blight.

When I was young I suffered more,
But I was happier, wiser then;
I lived my life like other men,
I bore the burdens that they bore.

There was a sweetness then in tears,
There was a bitterness in pain;
Nor sweet, nor bitter, now remain,
They perished with my early years.

I lived, I knew not how; but now
I know too well the way I live;
But what does all my knowledge give?
A hollow heart, an aching brow.

This is my sorrow day and night,
The secret of my troubled song,
"My life is wrong! My life is wrong;
What shall I do to make it right?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND ART.

It is quite evident to any one who gives himself the trouble to think on the subject, that the absence of hereditary fortunes in this country must in the nature of things lead to a more lavish expenditure of money here for the gratification of artistic, literary, and scientific taste than is witnessed in any foreign State.

When a man makes money abroad, he sets at once to work to found a great family. He buys an estate, on the revenue of which he designs at least one of his sons to live in idleness —"like a gentleman," as the silly phrase goes; the balance of his means is absorbed in providing for his other children. Thus but little is left for the purchase of works of art, or for the encouragement of science or letters.

Here precisely the contrary is the rule. Overwhelming experience has convinced every sensible person that the worst service a father can render his son, in the United States, is to leave him a fortune; and few of our wise rich men now commit the blunder. The sons of the richest—as a general rule—are bred to work. The natural impulse of the father, if he be a sound-minded man, is to drive out of his son's mind any hope that he may hereafter rely on a patrimonial fortune. The wiser the father, the less the son is taught to expect from him, and, consequently, on the one hand, the son becomes a useful and self-supporting member of society, while, on the other, the father enjoys ample means of encouraging art, science, and letters, by a judicious outlay of his fortune.

We do not say that this is always the case. There are among us foolish fathers who live meanly in order to leave fortunes to sons, and thereby ruin them. But these unwise persons are, we hope and believe, becoming every day more exceptional cases.

The rule is, that every year more and more money—amounting in the aggregate to a sum which would stagger European credulity—is available for the encouragement of art, science, and letters in the United States.

Evidences of the fact surround us on every side. Professor Agassiz the other day suggested that a museum of geology, mechanics, etc., should be erected at Boston. The rich men of that city came forward at once, and $75,000 have already been subscribed for the purpose. In New York we shall shortly have an Astronomical Observatory, which will probably be the most complete on the continent; the cost will, of course, be defrayed by individual contributions. There is some talk of a zoological collection in the new Central Park. This will probably likewise be realized. Of the Peter Cooper Institute and the Astor Library it is unnecessary to speak.

Art, too, is being encouraged in a new and liberal manner. We believe that painters of the rank of Gignoux and Church now obtain prices for their works which would be considered very handsome in Europe. All the American artists who have shown respectable ability obtain orders enough to keep them busy. Our sculptors have not always been so fortunate; but the demand for "marbles" is on the increase. We may mention that a citizen of this city has just given an order to a New York lady, Miss Emma Stebbins, now at Rome, for statuary which will probably cost several thousand dollars. It will be a most admirable investment.

The demand for books increases steadily. Even during the revulsion, when all other branches of business fell away, the book trade continued active and healthy. Fewer failures occurred in the book than in any other trade. Public taste in respect of books is improving. People prefer dear books that are well got up to cheap, shabby publications. Yellow-covered literature is on the wane. Men are forming libraries all over the country; they desire solid books, well printed, on good paper, and with substantial bindings. The market for very handsome books, with elaborate illustrations, is now very large. Expensive gift-books, if intrinsically valuable, sell far more readily here than in Europe.

Yet this is only the beginning of the development of sound taste in the United States. The citizen of New York who boasted that, though he hadn't a picture or a statue in the world, his drawing-room chairs cost him fifty dollars apiece, is a type of only yesterday. A few years hence he will be an extinct species.

THE CONTEST IN EUROPE.

Some of the English journals, which view European politics through the film of a decided prejudice against the Emperor Napoleon the Third, desire the people of the civilized world to refrain from sympathizing with Italy, because, they say, if the Italians deserve freedom, they will achieve it themselves. An infinitely respectable, though a toast-and-water poet, Mr. Cowper, conveyed the same idea in some of his mild verses.

History, however, teaches us that nations, once securely enslaved, have seldom recovered their liberty without foreign aid.

The only two tolerably free countries on the earth are Great Britain and the United States. Neither of the two have ever been subject to despotism. In theory, the Tudor *régime* in Great Britain was despotic. In practice it was uncommonly deferential to the barons, and even the rights of the common subject were respected, as a general rule. In the American colonies, prior to the Revolution, the British Crown assumed to wield unlimited sway. But whenever it tried to exercise that sway in practice, it was met by so uncompromising and resolute a resistance that it never persevered but once, and that one experiment led to Lexington. In neither country has despotism practically prevailed for ever so short a period of time.

Looking abroad, on the contrary, we find every where evidences of practical despotism asserted and successfully maintained for centuries. The Austrian, French, Russian, and Spanish people enjoy more real freedom to-day than they ever did before. True, these nations have no free press; but, till lately, their sleeping and waking were settled by royal edicts. True, they have no right of assemblage or free speech; but till within a few years, citizens of these countries dressed and traveled under the special favor of royal permits. The clear teaching of history is that for centuries despotism has been the rule in these countries, now under one name, now under another; but practically always the same.

There are four countries in Europe (besides England) which have struggled for freedom. Their history sheds a woeful light on the coming struggle in Italy. These countries are Poland, Switzerland, Corsica, and Greece. Of these countries not one has thoroughly attained the object sought by its people. Poland committed the error which is now breaking the back-bone of Mexican liberalism; the administrative methods adopted by the Polish patriots were defective; and, however unjust in theory the absorption of Poland was, civilization suffered little when it was blotted out from the map, and a final end was put to the endless Polish jars. Corsica contended for independence for six hundred years; it, too, failed, chiefly in consequence of the jealousies and strifes among its leading families; and now, with a history teeming with noble deeds, heroic sacrifices, and gallant instances of public devotion to liberty, Corsica is one of the most tranquil departments of the French Empire. Switzerland and Greece seem to have achieved their aim. The former has preserved, the latter has achieved its independence. But it is well known that both are practically subject to their more powerful neighbors. Switzerland dare not resist the commands of France. Athens has been garrisoned by British and French troops for years. Neither the Swiss nor the Greeks enjoy real independence.

In one word, then—disheartening as the proposition may seem—it is true that, so far as history teaches, no nation which has ever lost its liberty has ever regained it.

To decry the efforts of the Italians, therefore, on the ground that, if they deserved liberty, they would extort it from their oppressors, is unjust. If they did so, they would present the first instance in history of such an event. The only chance for them appears to rest on the hope that foreign aid may help them to liberty, and, after a certain period of foreign tutelage and education in self-government, that they may be able to shift for themselves.

Greece, which has been dependent on foreign powers for protection against its own people, and which has had to struggle against an absurd monarchy forced on it by the great powers of Europe, is steadily recuperating, and will, perhaps, presently be in a condition not only to dispense with but to resist foreign interference. Under Divine Providence, the history of Italy may be the same. If the European dynasties do not prevent the consummation of the struggle which is now about to begin, Italy will shortly become independent under the protection of at least one leading power. A generation will probably elapse before its people are competent to discharge the new duty of self-government. During that time foreign aid may be necessary to enforce obedience to the laws, and order among the people; but, in the end, the experiment may be successful.

At all events, it is not seemly for those who have never had to contend against a rooted and firmly-seated despotism to decry the efforts of the Italians, and to argue that, because they are enslaved, therefore they do not deserve freedom. As reasonable would it be to exact that men who never saw water should know how to swim.

SCREW STEAMERS.

When the last general census was taken, it appeared that American sea-going vessels of all kinds had, during the previous decennial period, increased so much more rapidly than the shipping of any other nation that there was a clear prospect that the sceptre of the seas would soon devolve to the United States. This country had, at that time, far more tons afloat than any other nation except Great Britain, and we were fast gaining on her.

When the next census is taken these glowing hopes will not be realized. It will appear, on the contrary, that while the merchant navies of Great Britain and France have been advancing steadily, that of the United States has made but little progress within the past half dozen years. It behooves us all to realize and reflect upon this painful fact.

We have lost no ground in the science of ship-building. On the contrary, our models of merchant vessels have improved of late years. The recent modifications that have been introduced into the clipper build are obvious improvements on the extreme clippers that were in vogue a few years since. Our China ships sail faster and carry more cargo in proportion to their speed than any other sailing ships in the world. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this is the only step in advance that has been made by the science of naval architecture since the time of George Steers. On the contrary, the yachts now building will probably beat his best craft, just as the Vanderbilt has surpassed the Collins steamers.

But it is evident that the maritime commerce of the world is to be carried on hereafter not in sailing vessels but in steamships. And in these the United States are lamentably deficient. The Atlantic is covered with fine screw steamers hailing from Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre, and Bremen. We have not a single screw in all our merchant navy. For three or four years the dock-yards of Great Britain have been incessantly active in the construction of screw steamers. The English have laid on lines from all the principal ports of Great Britain to New York, and they are steadily driving our ships out of the market.

Six or eight years ago there were several weekly lines of sailing packets between London, Liverpool, Havre, and New York. They used to sail full of cargo. Their owners made fortunes, and ships could not be built fast enough for their requirements. They sailed from this side with as much cotton, grain, flour, provisions, ashes, etc., as they could carry; they brought home ample return cargoes of emigrants, dry goods, manufactures, and other merchandise.

Now, these lines have dwindled away to almost nothing. Where four ships used to sail from Havre every month, laden deep with freight, there is but one now, and she has hard work to fill up. For the screw steamers monopolize the passenger business, and time is of such value that nearly all the valuable imports of the United States are dispatched by the same vessels. Our ships can still compete in carrying cotton, flour, and provisions from this side; but on the other side they are forced to take any freight that offers and at any price, if they do not desire to return in ballast. This is the secret of the depressed condition of the shipping interest, and of the miserable rates that rule for freights.

If the United States are to retain their position as a maritime nation, they must have screw steamers. Whatever they cost, and wherever they are built, they must be had if we are to continue to contend with England for the sceptre of the seas. It is all folly talking about new sloops of war, and splendid clippers; while we are bragging England is carrying off the prize. Unless our builders can manage in some way or other to supply us with screw steamers of equal capacity and equal speed with the Kangaroo and the new French screws, the United States must infallibly withdraw from the contest for the carrying trade of the world.

RAILWAY COMPETITION.

All the railroad world is aware that the famous St. Nicholas Convention, by which the four great railroad lines between the West and the sea-board agreed, last October, upon certain general rules of action and a common tariff of fares, has been scattered to the winds, and that, in some respects, the sharp competition of 1858 is being renewed. A controversy is pending between the New York and the Pennsylvania Central as to the cause of the rupture. The New York road claims that it broke the Convention, because under it the Southern roads were carrying away business from New York. The Pennsylvania road claims, on the contrary, that the Convention came to an end because the Erie could not trust the Central.

We are inclined to think that the Pennsylvanians are nearer the truth than their Albany brethren. It is notorious that the New York Central managers did openly and repeatedly violate the Convention; and though we believe that it is true that the effect of the alliance was to give the Southern lines undue advantages over their New York rivals, still we doubt whether the New York Central would have taken the responsibility of annulling the compact so long as there was a reasonable chance of maintaining it. It was only when the President of the Erie declared that he would no longer be bound by an agreement which was treated by his co-obligees as waste paper that the Central managers proclaimed their discovery that the compact was hurting New York.

From whatever quarter the death-blow came, however, the compact is now dead, and practical men will devote their attention at the present time to the consequences of its demise. These consequences we perceive already in the adoption of rates for transportation of freight which can leave very little if any profit to the roads. There have been, we believe, three distinct reductions of fares, all initiated by the New York Central, and acquiesced in, as a matter of necessity, by the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the Baltimore and Ohio. Merchandise is now being carried to and from the West at mere nominal charges for transportation. The passenger tariffs have not yet been altered; but when people begin to travel, it may be expected that this branch of the business will be affected also.

We notice that some of the newspapers congratulate the public on the prospect of cheap transportation for freight and cheap travel, in consequence of the competition. It is not so clear that the prospect is a legitimate matter of congratulation. One hundred and fifty millions of dollars are invested in the four lines now competing for the traffic of the West. If competition leads to the adoption of losing fares on these roads, this large amount of property will remain unproductive; and the failure of income from it will cause very serious inconvenience to hundreds of thousands of persons among whom it is distributed. While a few shippers and travelers benefit, these hundreds of thousands will be straitened in their means, or deprived of their livelihood altogether. Such a disaster would be widely felt throughout the community; it would tell even upon persons who have no direct connection with railways.

The great railway problem is working itself out in this country just as it did in England. From 1850 to 1856 there was no limit to the construction of railroads throughout the North and West; and no limit to the extravagance, recklessness, and corruption with which the roads were administered. Far-seeing observers perceived in 1856 where this must end; their predictions were verified by the crisis of 1857. For the past eighteen months the various companies have been undergoing a process of liquidation and reform. Floating debts have been funded, dividends suspended, expenses reduced, leaks stopped, frauds exposed, economies introduced. The consequence of this process, which has been going on before the public eye, is, that public confidence—so long withdrawn from railways—is slowly reviving.

The question for the four leading lines at present is, whether that revival shall continue or not? It is in their power to prevent the revival of public confidence by pursuing a system of suicidal competition, and ruining themselves in the hope of ruining each other. If they continue for three more months to carry freight at rates which do not pay for its handling, the public will have less to do with railroad property in August than they have now. If, on the contrary, they act with common prudence and judgment, the railways of the North and West must participate in the general recovery of industry, enterprise, and commerce. It is a very simple question; they must settle it one way or the other, and the sooner the better. Mr. Corning, Mr. Moran, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Garrett, and their associates, have a heavy responsibility on their shoulders. Let them see to it that hereafter they be not fairly chargeable with something worse than the mismanagement of the property placed under their charge.

THE LOUNGER.

MARRIED WOMEN.

IT might puzzle the most profound jurist to say why a drunken man should have the right to spend the hard gotten earnings of a sober woman, any more than a drunken woman should have a similar right toward men. That a woman who, having passed through the trials of maternity, is compelled to work hard to put food in the mouths of her children, should have no defense in civilized society against a drunken thief who steals that food, is something so monstrous that it is incredible. And yet until very recently that was substantially true of married women in the most civilized, Christian countries; and even in the Empire State it is only now proposed to put an absolute and final period to such criminal absurdity.

We may poke as much fun and fury as we please at what we call fanaticism, and yet it is only the fanatics who play the part of pioneers in all great movements of human progress. Roger Williams, George Fox, Ignatius Loyola, John Wesley, John Calvin, and Martin Luther, were all fanatics; that is, they were men so hot with an idea that they kindled all other men who had any inflammable sympathy in them. So it is the teetotaller, and not the moderate drinker—that is to say, it is the temperance fanatic, who pushes forward the cause of temperance. It is the drip, drip, drip, of the same stream in the same spot that wears the rock away. Every devoted merchant, or trader, or farmer, or mechanic, or woodman in this country, is a fanatic in his especial calling. Cyrus Field was a fanatic in the ocean telegraph affair. He insisted through thick and thin that it could be laid, and should be laid, and it was laid. Robert Fulton was a fanatic; George Stephenson was the same. Christopher Columbus was an arch-fanatic.

They are often enough extremely tiresome. How weary the Princes and Kings must have been of seeing that Genoese sailor coming in with his eternal ding-dong about Cathay and the Western Ocean! How we Kings and Princes of to-day sniff and snicker at the earnest dreamers, unhandsome fellows and tiresome bores, who batter, and batter, and batter away upon their plans and prophecies!

It is precisely so with the advocates of all social reforms. They tire us to death. They sing their tunes eternally *da capo*. For Heaven's sake pull out a fresh stop! For mere pity give us something that will not weary our very souls with damnable iteration!

Precisely. It is just what the old tree says to the axe. "Don't keep hitting in the same place." But the axe says to the tree, "How else shall I get you down?"

The constant agitation of social wrongs, or if you prefer, the constant inquiry whether alleged wrongs are such or not, gradually leads to their amelioration and eradication. Our staple Spring joke for several years has been the Woman's Rights Convention. The public criticisms of that topic, whether they have been furious or funny, have been equally amusing. And while it is not to be denied that there have been a great many monstrously ridiculous things said and done upon those occasions, it is equally impossible to deny that the whole movement was indicative of the sentiment in the public mind and conscience which expresses itself in such acts of legislation as the one of which we have spoken. In fact it might occur to the philosophic mind that, because certain women make speeches upon a public platform, it does not follow that all our legislation is just in regard to women, nor that sensible and thoughtful women might not speak as wisely upon public platforms as they sweetly sing.

Undoubtedly we owe it to the very fanatics at whom we laugh that the wrongs over which we grieve are put in the way of removal. Let us think of them, then, a little more kindly. Why is it not quite as well to be fanatical in generosity as in narrowness?

A METROPOLITAN MEDITATION.

AT a late meeting of the Historical Society, Mr. William C. Prime, whose knowledge of Egypt and the East is a practical, experimental knowledge, urged very warmly and eloquently the purchase of Dr. Abbott's Egyptian Museum, which is now, and for some years past has been, exhibiting in the city.

It is not only one of the best collections in the world—one for which the Egyptologists in England and elsewhere are longing, and which they will undoubtedly buy if we do not—but it is one of those museums which every great city ought to contain. New York is not rich in great literary, esthetic, or historical collections. The spirit of New York, which is fondly called a metropolis by us New Yorkers, is far from metropolitan. Individuals do nobly. Are there not the Astor Library and the Cooper Institute? What else have we—excepting, of course, the great public charities?

Mr. Prime's suggestion is judicious and timely. How much longer are we to be satisfied with the second-rate place in the means of education? How much longer are we to be content with going abroad for those advantages which we can have at home by paying the price, and that not a very large one?

There is the little trimountainous city upon the shores of the "Back Bay" just now busying itself to found a great University. It has the most ancient and amply endowed and generous of all our colleges on the other side of the river, but it is not satisfied until it has a noble University embracing all arts and sciences, and so opulently founded and wisely administered that no American shall need to go farther than New England for the most thorough education possible.

Nor only that; but an act has been introduced into the Legislature to incorporate a board of trustees of a Museum of Comparative Zoology. One of the trustees has already given fifty thousand dollars, and the State will appropriate certain sums contingent upon individual subscriptions. At the head of this museum will stand the most eminent man, in his department, in the world—Professor Agassiz, who proposes to teach any teacher of the public schools of the State who desires to fit himself, in turn, to teach natural history. Boston is fortunate in many things—not least in having Agassiz for a citizen.

That little city does not call herself a metropolis, but somehow these things have a metropolitan air. Shall we not march with her, side by side, in these good works? The largest ships—the most spacious warehouses—the most "palatial residences"—the most expensive balls—the most unblushing and enormous taxes—the utmost civic corruption—are not, alone, enough to make a great metropolis. What renown the little Tuscan city of Florence has in history! It was not because the Medici were merchant princes. It was because the traders were not content that their city should be a shop, and so made it a museum, a library, a gallery—and collected in it, so far as they could, the choicest results of human genius in every department.

ABOUT HANGING.

WITHIN a few weeks there have been an unusual number of capital convictions, and in Baltimore the execution of four men, who were clearly convicted of brutal murder. There are several capitally-condemned criminals in this State, besides a dozen or more awaiting trial for murder; and in the midst of all comes Governor Morgan's letter declining to pardon Mrs. Hartung, and the rumor of an intended movement of the Legislature to commute her punishment.

Shall a woman be hung—is virtually the question which underlies the excitement in the Hartung case—or capitally executed in any manner?

But so long as the punishment of death is justified by public sentiment as the proper doom of certain crimes, and women are held to be legally competent to commit the crimes, the argument to except them from punishment can be found, of course, only in the feelings, the instincts, which eternally recognize the difference between the sexes. You would not strike a woman, say the objectors, and the same sentiment should prevent your hanging her. But is that true? If a man were attacked by a stalwart virago and put in peril of his life, would he not defend himself even at the risk of hers? An attack, and not an insult, is the point of comparison. A criminal of either sex attacks the peace of society. The *lex talionis* holds that that peace can be maintained not by holding the hands of the offender, which is imprisonment, but by choking him, which is death.

The law can not know sex or color or external condition. Theft, for instance, is the intentional appropriation of the property of another. But the law can not ask who needed the property most. A starving man steals a loaf from the rosy baker. The law knows nothing of starvation or of plenty. Murder is malicious killing. The law asks only was the killing malicious?—was the killer a responsible moral agent?

If, however, there be a certain class of responsible moral agents who ought to be exempted from the punishment of murder, then certainly that exemption, based upon a fact which is common to every one of the class, ought to be plainly expressed in the law; and if the objection be merely against the form of punishment, and not the punishment itself, the form can very easily be changed.

In the present case, when the Governor is fully satisfied of the guilt of the criminal, ought he to interfere with the operation of the law because the criminal is a woman, any more than he ought to commute the penalty of every capitally-condemned culprit because he may be opposed to the death penalty? As an honest man he virtually agrees not to interfere with the course of law unless there be some extenuating circumstances which would undoubtedly excuse his interference to the law-makers, and upon whose possible existence in cases which can not be foreseen the prerogative of executive pardon is based. Can sex fairly be considered one of those circumstances? Clearly not, for if it were, the law itself would provide against it.

It is terrible that a woman should be hung—not because she is a woman, but because she is a human being. And the fact that so few capital executions take place—that whenever a capital verdict is rendered, there is a general public impression that a hanging will not inevitably follow—indicates a profound suspicion in the public mind of the policy of the penalty. During the last year a poor imbruted negro, and a boy who was drunk when he killed his victim, have been hung in the city of New York. Other cases of murder have either had chances of several trials or the press has deprecated the fatal verdict.

If there were fewer technical loop-holes of escape from the law, and a different punishment which should be hopelessly certain, would not society be the gainer?

TO THE LADIES.

As another pleasant sign of the more humane and Christian view which society is taking of the condition of women, we may mention not only the recent act of our Legislature, but the establishment of Female Medical Colleges and Hospitals in our chief cities. In an earlier number of the *Weekly* there was an admirable biographical sketch of Miss Blackwell, who, with Miss Zakzwewska, has managed a woman's hospital with success in New York. Miss Zakzwewska now goes to Boston to take charge of the college there, which is well endowed; and Miss Ann Preston, of the Philadelphia Female College, is now in New York, giving a course of lectures upon the laws of health, to ladies, at Clinton Hall. In Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Mrs. Peters, and Mrs. Lippincott speak of these lectures in these terms:

"…. forcible and perspicuous reasoning, richly imbued with true Christian faith, clothed in language chaste and pure, and inculcated with a feminine delicacy not to be surpassed."

The Lounger firmly believes that the ladies of New York will be no more injured, this week, by hearing Miss Preston speak than by hearing Signora Gazzaniga sing.

"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

THERE is a natural interest in all that relates to the personality of famous men. Why do we go to Stratford, or the "Auld brig o' Doon," or to Haworth rectory? And it is well understood among letter-writers for newspapers that personal detail of every kind—within those limits of common decency and propriety which newspapers so sternly observe—is always acceptable. Yet sometimes the same person is very differently sketched, even at the same time. We have lately been struck by this upon finding two descriptions of Bulwer, the novelist, published almost at the same time. The readers of "What will he do with it?"—a story so long familiar to the eye in these columns—will hardly fail to read them both with interest.

The first depicts Bulwer, in his town residence in Park Lane, as "the Lord of Knebworth Castle, with revenues equal to the most expansive taste; as a member of the British Cabinet and a leader of Parliament, * * * who, at the age of fifty-three, has achieved a fame, a future, and a position unparalleled in the history of men of genius." "As a novelist, a poet, an orator, and a statesman—'take him for all in all'—where shall we find his peer? For the last thirty years the reading world has fed upon his thoughts, and an entire generation has been stimulated and educated by his glowing poetry and fine philosophy."

This author then proceeds to describe his personal appearance:

"In person he is a little above the medium height, with a figure slight almost to frailty. His fine head affords the most indubitable proof of the general veracity of phrenology. It is a splendid dome of intellect, widening in the region of 'ideality,' and affording ample scope for all the superior faculties. There is nothing of the appearance or manner of the Englishman about him; but, on the contrary, he is entirely cosmopolitan, in look, dress, and tone of conversation. His hair, like his thin whiskers and mustache, is of a lightish-brown color. He wears it close behind and lifted up in front, giving his head a look of distinguished loftiness."

In No. 24 of the *Weekly* the reader will find an engraving of Bulwer.

The other picture is a less elaborate portrait than the one we have quoted. It is a view of him simply as "a member of the British Cabinet and a leader of Parliament."

"…. Lord Stanley and Sir Bulwer Lytton both labored hard in this vein, but without much success. The speech of the latter was, in delivery, unusually effective. The coxcomb and the cynic were laid aside for once, and the practical politician, talking good plain English in an earnest and vigorous way, rather took the House by surprise. The author of 'Pelham' has generally been in Parliament an egregious failure. His voice is unmusical at best, and his utterance affected and pedantic. But, what is worse, is the inability to modulate the sounds he utters, in consequence of deafness, with which he has been afflicted of late years. In his apparent desire to eschew the appearance of diletantism or languor he has always indulged in a vehemence of gesticulation, which, notwithstanding all his dramatic and Parliamentary experience, is about as bad of its kind as can well be imagined. It was this that once drew from Lord Palmerston the cutting sarcasm, 'that members who had not seen the honorable Baronet's speech delivered could hardly understand how difficult it was to deal with it seriously.' In the present instance, however, the author of 'Rienzi' seems really to have caught a glimpse of the real thing, and has played the demagogue to his well-dressed mob of conservative squires and nobles in capital style."

After all, how very important it is for a famous man to consider who is likely to write his biography. The weight of this reflection is so appreciated by some living authors—let us say, for instance, Sloe—that it is currently rumored that all his allusions to other writers are regulated by this harrowing uncertainty as to which of them will write his life after he is dead.

EATING YOUR CAKE, ETC.

IT is a little painful to read in a newspaper that on Monday evening, the thirty-second of March, a body of men and women surprised a worthy pastor, who had been forewarned of the visit, that he might not be out, and, ranging themselves in his parlor or library, listened to an affecting address from Barabbas Lingo, Esquire, who concluded by presenting the reverend gentleman with thirty-nine dollars and eight cents.

It is a pleasant thing to give money and to receive it. But why make speeches about it, and put them, and the amount of the money, in the newspaper? Probably this "surprise" business arises from a conviction of the universal and undoubted fact that no class of men are expected to work so hard for so little pay as clergymen. If that persuasion would lead to a general increase of salary it would be a good result. And certainly it is better than nothing that an occasional gift should be presented where the permanent increase can not be effected.

But why not do it in a quiet, decent way? Why arrange it so that the public, which cares nothing about it—except as having an *à priori* pity for the pastor—shall be obliged not only to hear all the details, and the speeches, and the precise amount given, but also to hear it in the way which redounds most to the credit of the givers and not of the recipient? Barabbas Lingo, Esquire, is clearly the hero of the occasion. He is supported in his eloquence by all these generous parishioners. The poor pastor, uncomfortably holding his little bag of money, is in the pitiable position to every spectator. For Heaven's sake give him the gold, and more of it! But don't ring the church-bells about it. Suppose that B. Lingo, Esquire, should put every turkey he sends his pastor into print, and every pound of butter, and every barrel of flour. It ceases that moment to be kindness, or friendship, or decency. It becomes a gross glorification of his own generosity. The "surprise party" is the same thing, only they give twenty or fifty turkeys together.

Why will not the next society which means to give its pastor fifty or five hundred dollars write him the following note:

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—There is not a man of us who is not better paid for less work than you. You hold your place and your salary upon the tenure of our good opinion and your preaching what we want to hear, and not what you may think you ought to preach. You have a family, and as you grow older your resources will not increase. Your society consists of five hundred pew-holders, half of whom have subscribed fifty cents each; and we are very glad to send you $125, which we sincerely wish was eight times as much, but which we as sincerely hope may make things easier for a little while. As a personal favor to us, please not to mention it, but believe us your affectionate and obliged parishioners,

"ELIAS CUCUMBER,

"And two hundred and forty-nine others."

Send that by some faithful hand, and then try to get each man to subscribe a dollar next time.

"THE CULPRIT FAY."

IT is only fair, after what the Lounger said last week about the new edition of Drake's "Culprit Fay," and the objections of the family to its publication, to state that the difficulty has been arranged, and that the representative of the family who made the complaint has now authorized the sale.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—C. M. P., Mount Sidney, Virginia, wishes to know if the sound of *a* in *fate* should be given to such words as *fair*, *care*, etc., saying that Webster gives no such sound as that usually given to *ai* in air. He will find, however, that Worcester is explicit upon this point. He gives seven sounds to the vowel *a*—of which the third is long before *r*, as in fare, and adds that the diphthong *ai* followed by *r* has the same sound. These distinctions, however, are very delicate.

—J. G. V. AND OTHERS, Kankakee, Illinois, ask whence the phrases "scot-free" and "high as Gilderoy's kite" are derived. The Saxon word *sceat*, a part, the Icelandic *skot*, the Danish *schot*, and Swedish *skatt* give us the English *scot*, or *shot*, the French *écot*, the Italian *scotto*, and the Spanish *escote*, meaning tax or price, and hence reckoning. To pay the scot, and to pay the shot, have therefore the same meaning, viz., to settle the bill. To go "scot-free" is to get off without paying.

Gilderoy was a famous robber, celebrated in Scotch ballads, of which J. G. V. will find a good specimen in Percy's Reliques. He was hanged, one day:

"Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung.
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best—
My handsome Gilderoy."

In the north of England *kite* signifies *belly*. The proverb is, therefore, equivalent to high as Gilderoy upon the gallows.

—RIGHT BOWER, Cazenovia, New York, will find the quotation he seeks in Paradise Lost, line 300, and following, of the first book:

"........ He stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High overarch't imbowr...."

Right Bower throws in this conundrum:

"Why is a man in the consumption like a man already in his grave?—Because he can't quit his coughin' (coffin)."

—W. E., Lecompton, Kansas, would have the Lounger tell what Shakespeare alludes to in his Seven Ages (Jaques, in *As You Like It*), when he says of the young soldier,

"Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard."

The word *pard* signifies spotted; and is applied, in poetry, to any spotted beast—as the leopard, who is whiskered like a cat, with long, protruding, defiant hairs. A leopard is not, indeed, so furiously whiskered as some captains of dragoons; but enough for Shakespeare's purpose, who uses natural history as he does geography, with generosity rather than accuracy. Thus, in the *Winter's Tale*, he makes a ship touch upon the deserts of Bohemia; which is much like having it wrecked upon the green mountains of Vermont.

—W. H. F., Philadelphia, who is an apothecary, and whose father and grandfather were apothecaries, and who declares that he has a soul "above the penny huckstering of *ippycackuanna*," writes an indignant poem upon indignation, and declares, in the character of a lady:

"Oh! I will burst!
Yet why for such a trait'rous false one should I grieve?
May he be doubly accursed!
I'll wait and accept the first offer I receive."

—H. A. M., AND OTHERS, Pennsylvania, complain that advertisements are printed in the *Weekly*, and occupy space. If they will refer to the first number of the paper they will find more than two pages of advertisements. The *Weekly* has always allotted a certain limited space to them, and has introduced no new habit of that kind.

—CINCINNATI writes pathetically:

"But here I must never do nothin' but work;
For, oh! I'm a numble, unfortunate clerk!"

The whole ditty is in some sixty lines, which are clever, but not clever enough for so much space.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND ROME IN 1859.

So many Americans are spending the winter in Rome that many at home will be glad to see the accompanying pictures.

The street scene represents the Corso during the Carnival. Every one has heard of the wild bacchanalia in which the good people of Rome indulge during the Carnival. The Corso (the Broadway of Rome) is thronged from end to end with gay carriages filled with maskers, lively ladies, and dashing cavaliers. The sidewalks are crowded with pedestrians in like disguises, but all of the male gender. The balconies, which abound in every house, are crammed in like manner with ladies and their male friends—some masked and concealed in dominos, others in plain dress. The sport of all these people is to throw bouquets, *bonbons*, and flour pills at each other, accompanying each projectile with some witty or sarcastic remark. The favorite missile of the ladies is what we have called a "flour pill," a sort of explosive shell filled with common wheaten flour: this explodes, or rather bursts, when it strikes, and sprinkles its victim with flour. Coarse-minded people—who, though not so common at Rome as in some other places, are not altogether unknown in the papal city—sometimes diversify the pastime by playfully throwing carrots, rotten eggs, or stones, at well-dressed persons. But they form an exception to the rule. Generally speaking, the Carnival at Rome is a scene of healthy, good-humored amusement, which the most refined lady can enjoy as well as the country bumpkin. Our engraving was made from a sketch by an enthusiastic Englishman, who was melted to tears at the sight of the Prince of Wales actually condescending to throw bouquets and bonbons from a balcony. His Royal Highness will be noticed as the most prominent figure in the picture. We trust our subscribers will be able to control their emotion at the spectacle.

The accompanying portrait is that of Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State in the Pope's Government—from a drawing by Lehmann.

Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli is one of the most eminent Italians living. The son of an architect and contractor, originally from Sonnino—but for the best part of his life a resident of Terracino—the present Roman Secretary enjoyed good advantages in respect of education and society. His father was well known to and liked by the late Pope Gregory. It is said that a timely present of an ancient statue of Sophocles, made by him to his Holiness, was the first cause of his son's favor at the papal court. Let us pronounce this a vulgar calumny, and take for granted that good old Gregory—little as he knew, as a rule—detected in his young friend Giacomo the germ of the remarkable qualities the present Secretary has subsequently displayed.

Whatever the secret of his advancement was, certain it is that, while quite a young man and

CARDINAL ANTONELLI, SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

freshly invested with priestly honors, he received the appointment of Judge of one of the criminal courts of Rome. From this station troubles which occurred in the diocese of Macerata caused his transfer to the legateship of that important place. Here he staid some time, and gave evidence of much vigor and energy. When tranquillity was restored to Macerata the Pope recalled Antonelli to Rome, and made him successively Secretary General of the Home Department and Treasurer General. He occupied the latter post when Gregory died.

During the contest for the Papacy which succeeded, Antonelli took an active part in canvassing for the present tenant of the Papal Chair. The success which attended his efforts was duly rewarded by his own promotion to a Cardinalate. Pius is said to have accompanied the preferment with a warm eulogy on the new Cardinal.

Dark days were at hand. Pius, with the ardor of inexperience, lit the torch which set Europe in a blaze. His friend and protégé, Antonelli, is believed to have joined heart and soul in the liberal measures undertaken by his master. They were, as the world knows, premature. The Papacy was the first throne which was shaken; the first sufferers by the storm they had aroused were Pius and Antonelli. Both fled to Gaeta. During the darkest hours of that gloomy period Antonelli remained faithful, and by his courage and genial temper kept up the drooping spirits of the Pontiff.

Then followed the French occupation, under cover of which Pius returned to Rome. His faithful friend accompanied him, and undertook a heavy share in the difficult administration of the new Government. Ever since then Antonelli has been the leading man at the Papal court. He has not always filled his present office—which corresponds to that of Prime Minister in constitutional monarchies—but he has the credit of having always been the power behind the throne. That he is a man of remarkable ability none can question. Opinions differ widely about his principles. Some say that he is as liberal as Pius was before 1848. Others assert that he is really as conservative as the Pope is said to have become. None deny, however, that he has administered the affairs of Rome, at a most difficult and trying period, with remarkable skill and success.

In the drama which the next year or two will naturally unfold a leading part will necessarily be played by Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli; and should Rome again take the prominent position which she occupied in the Revolution of 1848, he will become an object of general interest to the civilized world.

Lest any should suppose, however, that the Papal Government, even under Antonelli, is likely to be betrayed into any thing like excessive liberality, we subjoin the following anecdote, which is given in a letter from Rome: "An anecdote which was recently related to me shows, in another form, how averse the Papal Government is from letting too much light into the public mind. The gas-pipes in the Piazza del Popolo were being examined not many mornings since, when a stranger observed, 'So you are letting in light upon the Popolo.' It might have been meant as a *double entendre*, or it might have had simply a reference to the site on which they were standing. However that may be, the stranger was followed to his hotel by a respectably-dressed man, who made particular inquiry of the proprietor as to who the stranger was, at the same time animadverting on the ominous words that had been uttered. The hotel was that in which the Prince of Wales resided, and it so happened that the stranger was the courier who formed part of his Royal Highness's suite."

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME, 1859.

GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

THE accompanying engraving represents the new President of Hayti, General Geffrard.

Very little is known of him, except that he is a colored man, of about fifty-five years of age; and that some years ago he embarked in a revolutionary attempt against the throne of the Emperor Soulouque, was defeated, and narrowly escaped with his life. Through the intercession of friends he was not executed, but spent several years in a prison, from which he has only lately escaped. He is a man of fine presence and undoubted courage. His friends give him credit for intelligence also.

Mr. James Redpath, who arrived in Hayti just after the revolution, thus describes, in a letter to the *Tribune*, the pilot's announcement of the revolution:

"Well, Pilot, what news?"

"You hear of te Revolution?"

"What Revolution?" we asked.

"Oh! we no Empire now—Soulouque has gone En*glan*—we have Rapûblique—much plaisir on shore! Rich men throw money 'way—not much—not much t'ough—heap coppers—oh! much plaisir."

"The devil!" was the satanic exclamation of the pilot's American auditors.

"Who's king now, then?" asked the captain.

"Oh! no more king—we Presiden'—"

"Who is he?"

"Fabre Geffrard. He lives at Aux Cayes" (in southern Hayti).

"Is he a black or mulatto?" I inquired.

"Mulatto."

I feared that this revolution was another outward symptom of the old and deadly feud between the blacks and the Sangs Mêlée—the pure negroes and the mulattoes—which was the origin of many massacres and incited many a bloody battle in the days of Jean François, Rigaud, Toussaint, Ogé, and the terrible Dessalines. But I am now inclined to believe that this impression is erroneous. All classes seem to sympathize with the revolutionists. The mulattoes, it is true, are especially rejoiced at the success of Geffrard, because his failure, they say, would have led to the massacre of the mulattoes in every part of the island; but the negroes also—the blackest of the blacks—exhibit every where equal enthusiasm and hilarity at the fall of Faustin, who is no longer (such is life!) spoken of as *Sa Majestié*, but only as Monsieur Soulouque, or "the old man," or, much more frequently, that "bloody old villain," or, as a mulatto said, that "monster of a tyrant."

"When the accoma falls," says a Haytien proverb, "every body says it is rotten wood." Soulouque, in his banishment, may find consolation in this sarcastic truth.

NEW YORK CITY.

ON pages 264 and 265 will be found a view of New York city, taken from the spire of Dr. Spring's New Brick Church, which is worth preserving. The picture will be found, on examination, to be as mathematically accurate as a plan; its artistic merit will speak for itself. We are again, in this matter, indebted to Mr. Brady, the photographer, for valuable aid; without the assistance of the views he took for us, it would have been difficult to insure perfect accuracy. We subjoin below a key to the picture, with the proper references to the principal buildings.

GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

THIS is my castle, gentlemen,
I make you free as air;
A welcome rest for weary guest
From climbing yonder stair.
Here sit I like a knight of old,
Or warrior chieftain stout and bold,
Within his dining-hall;
With beer in lieu of wassail wine;
Instead of pike, and cutlass fine,
My pipes hang on the wall.

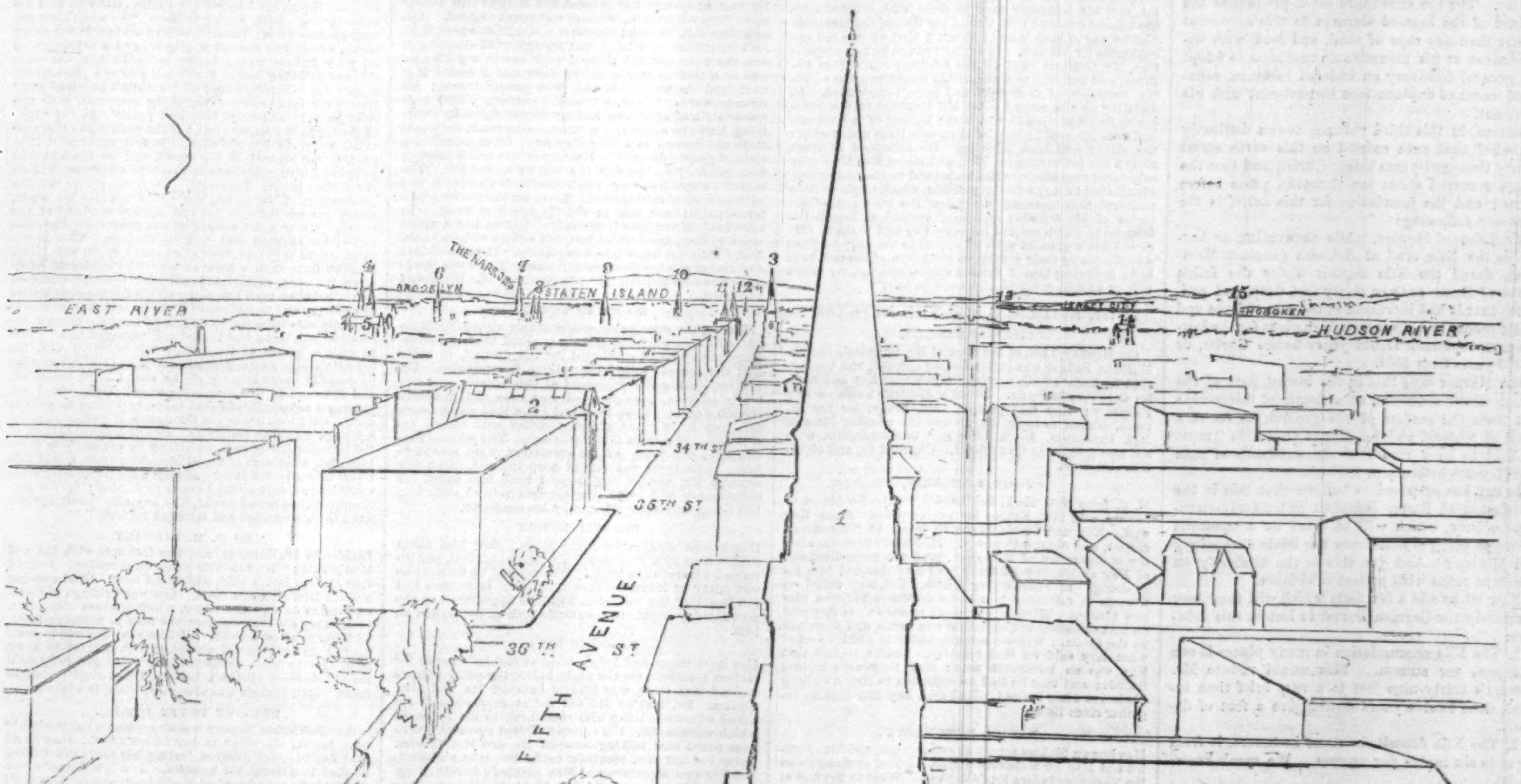
Make no excuses, gentlemen,
But sit where'er you please;
If tables suit your style of boot,
Why, put them at their ease.
Life is at best a rugged road,
Why walk with petty cares a load,
When we can ride as well?
Had I the wealth of India's kings,
My riches should not make them wings
For buhl and brocatel.

I think I've cut my wisdom teeth
This many and many a day;
Had I the cash to cut a dash
'Twould be another way.
I'd have of bread and cheese a pile,
I'd have some pipes of every style,
And mugs of foaming beer;
And then I'd hunt through all the earth
For men of true Bohemian birth,
And feast them gayly here.

For what are buhl and brocatel,
Or broadcloth rich and fine,
Or dinners where the viands rare
Are drowned in costly wine?
I count them but a sinful waste,
If every longing wish and taste
My habits should betray.
Thus, gentlemen, it is with me,
The fare and furniture, you see,
Suit me in every way.

My room is on the attic floor,
Five stories from the street;
The doctors say it is the way
To find the air more sweet.
Five scores of stairs—a wondrous thing
To make the blood more loudly sing
Through every beating vein!
No doubt a glorious thing is wealth,
But of the two my choice is health,
A body free from pain.

What is there wealth can bring to man
I have not at command?
While all the time for every dime
A score of thousands stand;
And on my steps obsequious wait,
As on the man of high estate,
As long as it may last.
Than what he eats, and wears, and sees,
No man can hope for more than these,
Howe'er his lot be cast.



1. Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Spring, corner 5th Avenue and 37th Street.
2. Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Wiley, corner 5th Avenue and 35th Street.
3. Dutch Reformed Church, Rev. Drs. Dewit, Vermilye, and others, corner 5th Avenue and 29th Street.
4. St. George's, Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Tyng, 16th Street, facing Stuyvesant Square.
5. Free Academy, corner Lexington Avenue and 23d Street.
6. Catholic Church, Holy Redeemer, 3d Street, near Avenue A.
7. Lutheran Church, St. James's, Dr. Shock, 15th Street, near 3d Avenue.
8. Episcopal Church, Calvary, Rev. Dr. Hawkes, corner 4th Avenue and 21st Street.
9. Methodist Church, St. Paul's, Rev. Drs. M'Clintock and Foss, corner 4th Avenue and 22d Street.
10. Episcopal Church, Grace, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Broadway, near 10th Street.
11. Episcopal Church, St. Paul's, Drs. Berrian, Higbee, and others, corner of Broadway and Vesey Street.
12. Episcopal Church, Trinity, Drs. Berrian, Higbee, and others, Broadway, head of Wall Street.
13. Distant New Jersey.
14. Methodist Church, Central, 7th Avenue, near 14th Street.
15. Episcopal Church, Annunciation, Dr. Seabury, 14th St., near 7th Avenue.

KEY TO THE VIEW OF NEW YORK, PAGES 264, 265.

My carriage plies before the door,
  All eager for a fare,
For half a dime, at any time,
  'Twill take me any where.
While I have steamers, yachts, and boats,
As swift as any thing that floats,
  And as a palace gay;
Or silks and gold go fluttering by,
To charm my heart or please my eye,
  While walking on Broadway.

And one thing farther, gentlemen,
  E'en while the foam is there:
We'll drink the one beneath the sun
  That each may think most fair.
My thought is such a darling girl,
A worthy love for belted earl,
  Or any millionaire.
Her eyes are dark as midnight skies,
Upon her cheeks rich sunset lies,
  And sunrise tints her hair.

She wears no baubles proud with gems,
  No robes with silken sheen;
And yet my fair is fit to wear
  The jewels of a queen.
She makes no claim to gentle blood,
Nor dates her lineage from the flood;
  She's Nature's noble born,
And proud to say, where'er she stands,
Has earned her living with her hands
  This many a day agone.

And now I pray you, gentlemen,
  Smile not at what I tell:
Some future day I'll bear away
  This one I love so well.
Some day, when publishers grow kind,
And see the sparkles of my mind,
  I'll make this girl my wife.
I'll wed the fairest of the fair,
And when she comes my room to share,
  'Twill glow with new-born life.

LITERARY.

THE third volume of Bunsen's great work on Ancient Egypt has been published in England, with a preface, written expressly for the English edition, by Baron Bunsen. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the American papers briefly stating that Bunsen has in this preface given his reasons for believing that Egypt was inhabited by men who made use of pottery about eleven thousand years before the Christian era. This is the point, indeed, of the English preface; and the author seems desirous of making this extraordinary statement the prominent point before his English and American readers. We can not let the opportunity pass of showing, very briefly, how little Bunsen is to be relied on in Egyptiology, or any other person who relies on the monuments to interpret the Bible and correct its errors, instead of relying on the standards of the Bible to explain Egyptian discoveries.

In this instance science seems to have descended to folly. For the sane mind must pronounce the reliance of the learned German in this argument weaker than any rope of sand, and look with astonishment at his inexplicable readiness to adopt as a general discovery an isolated instance, capable of scores of explanations inconsistent with his argument.

Bunsen, in this third volume, avows distinctly his belief that man existed on this earth about twenty thousand years before Christ, and that the deluge occurred about ten thousand years before Christ; and the foundation for this belief is the discovery following:

Mr. Leonard Horner, while excavating or boring in the Nile mud at Sakkara (ancient Memphis), found the Nile deposit under the fallen statue of Rameses to be thirty feet deep, and estimates that it had increased at the rate of three and a half inches in a century, which gives for the lowest part deposited 11,646 years before Christ, or 13,500 years from 1854.

Mr. Horner says that in the lowest part of the boring of the sediment, at a depth of thirty-nine feet from the surface of the ground, he found a piece of pottery, and he argues that this "must be held to be a record of the existence of man 13,271 years before A.D. 1854!"

Is any one prepared to believe that this is the foundation of Baron Bunsen's extensively-circulated theory, which will be cited by a thousand voices as going to overthrow the Bible chronology and history? And yet this is the authority on which he relies with perfect confidence.

Now let us add a few facts which will show how absolutely the German Doctor is lost in this delusion.

1. The Nile accumulation in many places is one full inch per annum. This would reduce Mr. Horner's thirty-nine feet to a very brief time indeed, since twelve years would give a foot of deposit.

2. The Nile deposit, in some instances, is from three to six inches per annum. We speak knowingly.

3. The ordinary Nile deposit on the plain of Beni Hassan is nearly one-half inch per annum. We have specimens on our shelves, and have measured it abundantly in Egypt. The flow of the Nile the next year will wash off some of this if the river flow strong; but if it do not rise very high the deposit will be gently increased.

4. There are thousands of places along the Nile banks where ancient canals, lakes dug for temples, or wells for the water-wheel, or sakea, have been filled up. Mr. Horner may have dug in just such a place. He supposes that the fact of his boring under the statue at Sakkara is proof that he found an accumulation of earth which had not gathered within, say, two thousand years. This is so; but when the statue was thrown down by the Persians it may have been thrown on the soil which had just been heaped in a sacred lake, or pool, or well.

5. The Nile bed itself, the very flow of the river, may have been over the spot where Mr. Horner bored, and that within three thousand years.

6. The Arabs in Mr. Horner's employ may have dropped the piece of pottery into the hole he was boring.

In brief, then, let us say that no man who has examined the Nile valley and its mud deposits can have any doubt that Mr. Horner's fragment of pottery could have arrived where he found it by any one of numerous processes of ordinary kind within a few centuries, without the necessity of supposing that it is the solitary relic of a race of men of twelve thousand years ago. But it is to be lamented that such men as Bunsen are so apt to seize on single discoveries as conclusive evidences, and to generalize from such special instances, to the overthrow of all faith in their capacity as reasoning men and sound guides.

The simple answer to the whole theory is that the Nile deposit varies according to circumstances and places, eddies, bends of the river, etc., etc. Not unfrequently the river deserts its bed, and finds a new channel one, two, or three miles distant; in which case the old channel fills up rapidly with a few years' deposit from the overflow. Daily and hourly, before the eyes of the traveler, the river is wearing away its bank on one side and rapidly filling up and raising a bank on the other; so that in ten years' time the very spot which was thirty feet below the surface of the river in the channel will be found thirty feet below the solid earth of the bank. If Mr. Horner had taken with him Jacotin's charts, and compared the modern Nile with the Nile of forty years ago, he would not have been so ready to conclude that a piece of earthenware thirty feet under the Nile deposit must have lain there so many thousand years.

We might go on to argue from a variety of facts against this startling theory. The very spot where the statue lies was the poorest place to bore for facts to be relied on, because in erecting this immense statue, colossal as it is, Rameses II. doubtless caused a vast excavation to be made, in which to lay a foundation, and the fallen statue lies but a little distance from this foundation; and Mr. Horner may have bored in the excavation without touching the foundation.

But we pause. It seems proper that the absurdity should have the light of these few facts before the American public. Egyptian monuments and discoveries are illustrative of the Bible, and confirmatory of Bible history, as a visit to the Abbott Collection in New York will abundantly show. They are never otherwise in the minds of judicious and cool reasoners.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

THE OPENING FOR THE DEFENSE.

IN our last number we gave the evidence for the prosecution, with extracts from the opening speech of District-Attorney Ould. On Saturday, April 9, Mr. Graham, for the defense, commenced his opening speech; it was not concluded till late on Monday. Long as the speech was, the pith of it may be compressed into two propositions: 1st, that the adulterer may be slain with impunity by the injured husband; 2d, that at the time of the homicide Sickles was in such a state of mind that he was not accountable for his acts. In support of the former proposition, Mr. Graham read all the adultery cases from the Bible, and referred to a number of recent cases in which the homicide of adulterers had gone unpunished. In dwelling on the second point Mr. Graham read a number of English cases in which the killing of individuals had been excused in view of the provocation under which the slayer had been laboring. He described at great length the proceedings of Key, and stated that they were calculated to exasperate Sickles beyond mortal endurance. He alluded to Key's official position, which ought to have rendered him especially careful of the laws and of the rights of his friends; and he described at length the friendship which existed between Key and Sickles. He closed his argument with an appeal to the jury to place an estimate by their verdict on the purity of the marriage bed; declaring that if Sickles were convicted, no man's wife or daughter would afterward be safe.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE.

WILLIAM BADGER.

On Monday, 11th, at the close of Mr. Graham's speech, William Badger was called for the defense, and testified that he knew all the parties. Knew that Key and Sickles were very intimate. Dined at Sickles's house on 10th February; Key was present. Mr. Brady, for the defense, desired to have the witness say whether Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, Key's sister and brother-in-law, were not also present at that dinner. Objected to, and objection sustained.

JOHN B. HASKIN,

M. C. from New York, had known Sickles for fifteen or twenty, and Mrs. Sickles for twelve years. Knew Key well. Key and Sickles were on terms of the nearest, closest, and dearest intimacy. Had heard Sickles, after the inauguration of Buchanan, urge the reappointment of Key as District Attorney, and Key thanked him for so doing. In February or March, 1858, Key called on witness in reference to a correspondence between him and Sickles. Witness was about to state what Key said on that occasion, but objection was taken and sustained by the Court. Witness communicated to Sickles part of what Key said on that occasion. Sickles replied that Key was an honorable man; that they were mutual friends; and that he had no objection to Key's visiting his house when invited. Had seen Key and Sickles together since then.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY

Has known Sickles for six or seven years, and Mrs. Sickles and Key for a shorter period. Dined at Sickles's on the Thursday before Key's decease. Went to the hop at Willard's. Saw Key there with Mrs. Sickles; believes that this was before Sickles arrived. Met Mrs. Sickles, Key, and others at the Cable Celebration in New York. On the Saturday previous to Key's decease accompanied him up the Avenue. Key left witness abruptly to go into the Club-house. Witness called at Mrs. Sickles's to bid good-by, as he was leaving Washington. As he was going down the Avenue, on his return, met Key walking toward Sickles's house. Was at a reception at Sickles's on 22d February; saw Key there.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KEY AND SICKLES.

Mr. Brady, for the defense, next endeavored to have the prosecution admit Key's handwriting in some letters tendered as evidence. These letters were: 1. Key to Wooldridge inquiring on what authority he (Wooldridge) had stated that Key and Mrs. Sickles met at a house on the Bladensburg Road, and carried on there an improper intimacy; 2. Wooldridge to Key, giving up Marshal J. Bacon and S. B. Beekman as his authority; 3. Key to Bacon, demanding his authority for the statements; 4. Bacon to Key, giving up Beekman as his author; 5. Key to Beekman, demanding if the statements of Bacon and Wooldridge be correct, and if he (Beekman) be responsible for them; 6. Beekman to Key, denying the truth of Bacon's statements, and disavowing their authorship; 7. Key to Sickles, inclosing the correspondence.

The prosecution objected to the introduction of these letters, as not bearing upon the case. They are dated March, 1858. Objection sustained by the Court.

JOHN M'ELHONE.

On Tuesday, 12th April, the evidence for the defense was continued. John M'Elhone knew the parties, and was aware that they were intimate. Had heard Key express friendship for Sickles. Went to a ride to the Potomac Falls, last year, with Mrs. Sickles, Key, and Haskin. Saw Mrs. Sickles and Key at the hop at Willard's on the Thursday before the decease of Key.

JONAH D. HOOVER

Had been the most intimate and cherished friend of Key for ten years. Has known Mr. and Mrs. Sickles for four years. Introduced Key to Sickles. They were friends. Sickles urged Key's reappointment by Buchanan. Was acquainted with the correspondence above described; bore it to Sickles. Key afterward told witness that Sickles had written to say that he was perfectly satisfied, and that he hoped their relations would continue as previously. On 23d Feb. Key brought Laura, Sickles's daughter, to witness's house, left her there, and returned two or three hours afterward to inquire for her. Saw Key at noon on the day before his death.—*Cross-examined:* Went frequently to Sickles's house; often saw Key there. Key never said to witness that Sickles had qualified in any way his wish to see Key at his (Sickles's) house. Believes that Key and Sickles were as intimate after the correspondence as before. Does not recollect Key visiting Mrs. Sickles when Sickles was out of town.—*Re-examined in chief:* Sickles told witness that he had always liked Key, and thought him a man of honor; that "this thing" [alluding to the subject of the correspondence of March 1858] shocked him when he first heard of it; but owing to Key's and witness's assurances he was willing to meet him as formerly.

JOHN H. GODDARD,

Chief of Police, produced an opera-glass, handed to witness by Sickles on his commitment. It is in the same state, with mud and dirt on it, now as then.

Mr. Stanton drew the Court's attention to the fact that the glass fitted exactly the case found in Mr. Key's pocket.

REV. SMITH PYNE

Was passing Lafayette Square at 5 P.M. on the day before Key's death. Saw Sickles; was struck by his appearance, and drew his (witness's) son's attention to it. There was a wildness about Sickles's appearance. He seemed to be in great trouble. There was "a kind of mingled defiant air about him—a desolate air."—*Cross-examined:* Had seen Sickles frequently. On this occasion he did not speak to witness; perhaps did not see him, though he looked toward him. Once called on Mrs. Sickles by request about the baptism of her child.

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER

Has known Sickles for several years. Had not seen him for some months prior to 27th February last. On that day went to Sickles's house at 3 P.M. As he came in he was excited, and his voice was altered. He thanked witness for calling. "He had scarcely repeated these words when I saw a great change in his appearance; he became very much convulsed indeed; he threw himself on the sofa, covering his face with his hands; he then broke into an agony of unnatural and unearthly sounds, the most remarkable I ever heard—something like a scream interrupted by violent sobbing; from his convulsed appearance he was in the act of writhing; his condition appeared to me very frightful, appalling me so much that I thought if it lasted much longer he must become insane; he was indulging in exclamations about dishonor having been brought on his house, his wife, and child; he seemed particularly to dwell on the disgrace brought upon his child; should think this continued ten minutes; endeavored to pacify him; I turned from him to go for a physician myself, but he seemed to stop a little these violent exclamations, and finally they broke down; the spasms became more violent till they ceased." Accompanied Sickles to the jail.—*Cross-examined:* Believes that no one was present but Butterworth during these "convulsions." Witness was much excited. After a time Sickles became calmer. "Could compare Sickles's condition to nothing but an agony of despair; it was the most terrible thing I ever saw in my life; he was in a state of frenzy at the time, and I feared if it continued he would become permanently insane; his screams were of the most frightful character; they were unearthly and appalling, and were interrupted by something between a sob and a moan; sometimes he would start and scream in a very high key; he appeared in a state of perfect frenzy." The frenzy was much stronger than grief. No physician saw Sickles at the jail. Ten minutes elapsed, during which Sickles, Butterworth, and witness were alone together. Does not know where Butterworth is; saw him in Washington last week.—*Re-examined:* Knew Key intimately. Sickles had a recurrence of the paroxysm in jail, but not so violent as the first. Does not know who was present. It was a violent outburst of grief.—*Re-cross-examined:* There was an approach to convulsions. His person was rigid. He sobbed and cried.

SCENE IN COURT.

During the cross-examination of this witness Mr. Stanton, who was near the prisoner, asked that the cross-examination be discontinued for the present, in order that the accused might retire for a few minutes. Mr. Sickles, during the statement of this witness, was violently affected, breaking out into sobs and profusely shedding tears. E. B. Hart and Isaac Bell, one on each side, and Mr. Sickles, senior, together with others, accompanied him from the court-room. The witness particularly, and many of the spectators, were moved to tears. The scene was one of deep interest. In a few minutes Mr. Sickles was brought back into court, his countenance still indicating extreme mental suffering. His father was much affected by his condition.

FRANCIS MOHUN

Has known Sickles for some years. Saw him about sundown on 27th February. He looked excited, and attracted witness's attention. Witness said he thought he was crazy or insane.—*Cross-examined:* If witness had not heard of the homicide, Sickles's appearance on the previous day might not have made such an impression on him.

BRIDGET DUFFY

Has been nurse and lady's-maid at Sickles's house for sixteen months. On the night before the affray witness noticed that there was trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Sickles. Mr. Sickles did not eat at dinner-time. He asked witness to bring him something to his bedroom, which witness did. His manner seemed troubled. Witness heard loud talking between Mr. and Mrs. Sickles. Being handed Mrs. Sickles's confession, witness identified her own signature and Mrs. Sickles's handwriting. She signed the paper at Mrs. Sickles's request. Saw Mrs. Sickles sign it. At midnight, when witness went to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Sickles were both in their own room. Mrs. Sickles lay all that night on the floor of an adjoining room, with her head on a chair. Witness found her there on Sunday morning. Before going to bed witness heard Mr. and Mrs. Sickles cry. Sickles cried next morning when witness saw him. Witness cried too.

Mr. Brady then proposed to put Mrs. Sickles's confession in evidence.

MRS. SICKLES'S CONFESSION.

This document is as follows:

"I have been in a house in Fifteenth Street with Mr. Key; how many times I don't know; I believe the house belongs to a colored man; the house is unoccupied; commenced going there the latter part of January; have been in alone and with Mr. Key; usually staid an hour or more; there was a bed in the second story; I did what is usual for a wicked woman to do; the intimacy commenced this winter, when I came from New York, in that house—an intimacy of an improper kind; have met half a dozen times or more at different hours of the day; on Monday of this week, and Wednesday also; would arrange meetings when we met in the street and at parties; never would speak to him when Mr. Sickles was at home, because I knew he did not like me to speak to him; did not see Mr. Key for some days after I got here; he then told me he had hired the house as a place where he and I could meet. I agreed to it.

* * * * * * *

"Have walked there together, say four times—I do not think more; was there on Wednesday last, between 2 and 3; I went there alone; Laura was at Mrs. Hoover's; Mr. Key took and left her there at my request; from there I went to Fifteenth Street to meet Mr. Key; from there to the milk-woman's; immediately after Mr. Key left Laura at Mrs. Hoover's I met him in Fifteenth Street; went in by the back gate.

* * * * * * *

"I think the intimacy commenced in April or May, 1858. I did not think it safe to meet him in this house, because there are servants who might suspect something; as a general thing, have worn black and white woolen plaid dress, and beaver hat trimmed with black velvet; have worn a black silk dress there also, also a plaid silk dress, black velvet cloak trimmed with lace, and black velvet shawl trimmed with fringe; on Wednesday I either had on my brown dress or black and white woolen dress, beaver hat and velvet shawl; I arranged with Mr. Key to go in the back way after leaving Laura at Mrs. Hoover's; he met me at Mr. Douglass's; the arrangement to go in the back way was either made in the street or by Mr. Douglass, as we would be less likely to be seen; the house is in Fifteenth Street, between K and L streets, on the left hand side of the way; arranged the interview for Wednesday, in the street, I think, on Monday.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Key has ridden in Mr. Sickles's carriage, and has called at his house without Mr. Sickles's knowledge, and after my being told not to invite him to do so, and against Mr. Sickles's repeated request.

"TERESA BAGIOLI.

POSTSCRIPT.

"This is a true statement, written by myself, without any inducement held out by Mr. Sickles of forgiveness or reward, and without any menace from him. This I have written with my bedroom door open, and my maid and child in the adjoining room, at half past eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Ridgely is in the house within call.

"TERESA BAGIOLI.

"LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WASHINGTON, D. C., *Feb.* 26, 1859.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton dined here two weeks ago last Thursday with a large party. Mr. Key was also here, her brother, and at my suggestion he was invited, because he lived in the same house, and also because he had invited Mr. Sickles to dine with him, and Mr. Sickles wished to invite all those from whom he had received invitations; and Mr. Sickles said, 'do as you choose.'

"TERESA BAGIOLI.

"Written and signed in presence of O. M. Ridgely and Bridget Duffy.

"*February* 26, 1859."

THE CONFESSION RULED OUT AS EVIDENCE.

Mr. Brady's proposal to introduce the confession led to a long argument. Mr. Brady, and his associate counsel, arguing that the confession was essential as showing the cause of the frenzy which had been described by the witnesses, and which led to the act: the prosecution insisting, on the contrary, on the rule of law that a wife can not be a witness for or against her husband. The Judge decided that to admit the confession would have an injurious effect on the relations of husband and wife, and therefore excluded it.

AN ELOQUENT BURST FROM MR. CARLISLE.

In closing his argument against the admissibility of the confession Mr. Carlisle said: "They are those who may truly quote that beautiful passage from the Scriptures recited the other day: 'Blessed is the man whom the Lord chasteneth'—they are those who see in the afflictions that come upon them here in the severing of life that there is but one loss in the loss of children [counsel was here affected to tears]—even in shame, which is not the result of our own shamefulness—who see and feel in all these things the hand of the Father, and who hear his voice through faith, saying to them, 'My son, this is not your abiding place; better to suffer here in this transitory scene, where you are but a pilgrim and a sojourner, as all your fathers were; better to suffer here—to have all your suffering here. I will call you to a place where sorrow never enters, where all tears shall be wiped away from your eyes, where every thing connected with you shall be pure and holy, love and peace.' In the vigils of the night the smitten heart of the good man 'that still small voice' in his affliction, his first movement is to go into the secrecy of his closet, and on his knees to pour out his supplications to him who alone can bind up the broken heart. Insanity! Why, Sir, rather is it the brightening of the mind, the quickening of the sight, which pierces through all the gloomy shadows of the world. He sees the reward of the good man, the comfort of the afflicted man, waiting for him. That is one class—there is yet another class—safe, quite safe, from insanity from such a blow as that—the confirmed adulterer, the open, shameless profligate; the man nurtured in brothels, the man breathing all his life the atmosphere of adultery and seduction, if there be such a man that is certainly safe from the visitation of insanity because his familiar plaything has turned and wounded him. Now to offer evidence of the fact of the adultery with the prisoner's wife, as the ground to impute to him insanity, necessarily opens inquiry of the sort I have indicated, and although in this case the counsel might—for I am putting a supposititious case only—be willing to go into such a question, it was not the option of parties to go or not to go into such inquiries. But he submitted that, if the introduction of such testimony be necessary to these inquiries, what sort of moral dissecting-room would this Court be converted into? If such a declaration were admitted, the Court would have to go further; for the presumption thus raised would, like any other presumption, have to be contested and rebutted by facts."

MISS O. M. RIDGELY

Resides in Washington, and was intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Sickles. Was at their house on Saturday. Noticed that Sickles had a wild, distracted look. That evening went to Mrs. Sickles's room. She was writing; she asked witness to sign the paper, which witness did. Mrs. Sickles lay all that night on the floor in witness's room, with her head on a chair. Sickles next day was in great agony; uttered fearful groans, which seemed to come from his very feet.—*Cross-examined:* She generally staid several days at Sickles's house. Often slept overnight there. Mrs. Sickles was always at home to witness.

BRIDGET DUFFY *recalled.*

Saw Sickles on Sunday morning when witness went to take Laura, who slept in her father's bed. He was all that day in great distress, tearing his hair, and calling on God to witness his troubles. The last time she saw Sickles before she heard of Key's death was on the stairs; he seemed to be washing his hands. Saw Key thrice that day—at 11 A.M., at 11.30, and again about 1 P.M. He was with a lady and gentleman; as he went through the Park he waved his handkerchief three or four times. Witness described the movement of the handkerchief.—*Cross-examined:* Was in the kitchen when witness saw Key whirl his handkerchief. Sickles's dog fawned on him, then left him. It was after witness saw Key pass waving his handkerchief that she saw Sickles apparently washing his hands on the stairs. He had a towel in his hand. Does not know whether Sickles had any breakfast that morning. Sickles was crying when witness signed the confession. Mrs. Sickles did not leave her room on Saturday. Came on with Mrs. Sickles from New York. Heard of Key's death between 2 and 3 P.M. from Miss Ridgely's girl. Saw a crowd of people and officers in the house. Sickles was only five or ten minutes in the study: heard no sobs or exclamations from

him then. He was excited, but not crying. He went up stairs into the room where Mrs. Sickles was lying on the floor. There were police officers on the stairs. He came down in four or five minutes. He was altogether about twenty-five minutes in the house after he returned. Heard no sobs or cries while he was in the study.—*Re-examined:* When Key waved his handkerchief he looked up at the house.

WILLIAM W. MANN

Saw Key at 2 P.M. on 28th February, in Lafayette Square. He waved his handkerchief, twirling it round. Witness was with a friend who made a remark which drew witness's attention to the waving of the handkerchief. Counsel for defense asked whether any thing was said by witness's companion about the handkerchief being a signal; objected to, and objection sustained.

DR. THOMAS MILLER

Was in the room to which Key's body was brought. A gentleman present examined his pockets and pulled out some scraps of paper and a card-case. Witness put the papers in an envelope and sent them to Mr. Pendleton.

GEORGE B. WOOLDRIDGE

Was the first witness examined on Thursday, April 14. Was a clerk under the clerk of the House. Saw Sickles at 4 P.M. on 27th February at the Capitol. He was much affected and distressed. Saw him next morning at 10 A.M. in his own house. His eyes were red and bloodshot. He acted like a man in great distress and sorrow. Witness remained in the house from 10 A.M. till all the strangers had left. There was a strange manner about Sickles. He would sob, clasp his temples, and bow down his head as if his stomach was giving way. Saw Key twice that day—first between 10 and 11 A.M., next at 1.45 P.M., in front of Sickles's house. He was with a lady and gentleman. Sickles was up stairs. Key waved his handkerchief and looked up toward Sickles's windows. Sickles came down stairs to the library crying, "That villain has just passed my house!" He was much excited, threw off Butterworth, who tried to restrain him, and turned into the hall. When next witness saw Sickles, he was with the police officers and others. Witness heard nothing of Sickles sobbing. Witness was greatly excited. Witness was here set aside for future examination.

SCENE IN COURT.

Counsel for defense now desired to have the witness state what were the communications which he made to Sickles on the Thursday and Saturday, 25th and 27th February. This was objected to by the prosecution, and a long debate ensued. In the course of the argument Mr. Stanton charged the prosecution with hunting down the prisoner to obtain his blood. This brought Mr. Ould to his feet.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY ON THE DEFENSE.

Mr. Ould replied, he could let his argument and conduct in this case go before the Court and before the world in contrast with the disreputable rant which this counsel (pointing to Stanton) had exhibited. There was no place where gentlemanly feelings could be better shown than in a forensic contest of this nature, and so there was no place where vulgarity and rudeness could be better exhibited. There seemed to be divisions assigned to counsel for defense—to some, high tragedy; to some, comedy; to some, the part of walking gentlemen; and one gentleman appeared to fill the office of clerical supe, to set the theological part of the house in order. One of the counsel had carried out the part, whether assigned to him or not, of the bully and the bruiser (sensation in Court). No one had a greater dislike to personal antipathies and personal controversies than himself—no one an intenser scorn of the person who gets them up, or of the method in which they are got up. He stood here under the solemn responsibility of his oath, and had endeavored to discharge his duty faithfully as a public prosecutor. He had not now, and never had, a prejudice or ill-feeling against the prisoner at the bar. If however, he believed that that prisoner at the bar had imbrued his hands in a fellow-creature's blood, he would not be restrained from declaring it. He should not call murder gentleness, or malice good feeling. He had only risen now for the purpose of relieving himself from an aspersion which had been wantonly, and he believed vindictively, made against him. The exigencies of this case, perhaps, had demanded that before this he should have vindicated himself from the aspersions made against him in the course of the case. He was glad to have the opportunity of doing so now.

THE DEFENSE ON THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Mr. Stanton [who sat beside Mr. Ould during the latter's remarks] rose earnestly, saying: "I know my duty to my client, to the cause, to society, to myself, too well to allow myself to be drawn aside by any such personal considerations. I am not to be drawn from the principle of law by any such resort of the counsel for the prosecution. I will leave his course to be judged of by the whole world. If his course is justified by his being public prosecutor, be it so. I say the law he presents here is not adapted to our state of society. I say the law, on the principle on which he claims it, would lead my client to the gallows by those who are malignantly seeking for his blood. I have not the honor of his acquaintance, and, after his language just uttered, do not desire it. [This sentence was followed by the stamping of many feet by the auditors without the bar, but the Marshal and officers soon restored order.] Mr. Stanton resumed by repeating that such law as that insisted on would conduct his client to the foot of the gallows, and that there were private prosecutors here. I can not reply to the counsel's remarks. I defy them. I scorn them. I don't fear them. [Much sensation.]

DISCUSSION ON HUMAN HEARTS.

Mr. Stanton observed, that as the relations of counsel to slavery had been referred to, he would state here that he had the blood of slave-holding parents in his veins; his father had been a North Carolinian and his mother a Virginian.

MR. CARLISLE. That is an interesting fact, which I hope will be chronicled like all other things that take place here; so that, when the gentleman comes to have his biography written, that fact may be mentioned in connection with the doctrine which he has expressed and maintained in this case.

MR. STANTON. The doctrines which he has maintained here in defense of home and families will be the proudest legacy he will leave to his children. [*Suppressed applause.*]

MR. CARLISLE. No doubt of it; no person can doubt the earnestness of the gentleman as to his doctrines; but, unless the earnestness and fire with which these conclusions are announced are to be taken as indications of their soundness, I shall beg leave to consider them as opinions and declarations in themselves. Of the manner and vehicle in which they are brought to notice I do not agree with the gentleman, and I am sure he does not expect me to agree with him.

MR. STANTON. Certainly not; I appeal to the hearts of other men.

MR. CARLISLE. There are a great variety of human hearts in this world.

MR. STANTON. Yes, Sir; and some of them very bad ones.

MR. CARLISLE. And I am happy to say that mine does not contain many things which seem to exist in the hearts of some other people; though, like all other human hearts, I suppose it is filled with much that would be better out of it.

MR. STANTON. It would be better were something else in it.

JOHN CUYLER

(the Court having held that the communications made by Wooldridge to the prisoner could not be received as evidence to show the prisoner's subsequent insanity) saw Key a week before his death in Lafayette Square, waving his handkerchief and looking toward Sickles's house.

JEREMIAH BOYD

Saw Key on the day of his death at 10.30 A.M. in Lafayette Square, looking toward Sickles's house.

CHARLES G. BACON

Saw Key wave his handkerchief in Lafayette Square between 10 and 11 A.M. on 23d February. Some hours after saw him with Mrs. Sickles, Miss Ridgely, and a gentleman. Saw him wave his handkerchief in the same place at other times between February 14 and 17.

S. S. PARKER

Saw Key wave his handkerchief in Lafayette Square, in view of Sickles's house, on the Sunday before the shooting. Mrs. Sickles was on the platform of her residence. Key bowed and waved his handkerchief twice. Witness's attention was directed to the affair by a remark made to witness by his companion in reference to the probability of Sickles killing Key.

WILLIAM RATLEY

Saw Key and Mrs. Sickles together on the Thursday preceding the shooting. They walked up the Avenue together. He read a letter, and handed it to her. The evidence of this witness was confirmed by Frederic Wilson, who was with Ratley at the time. Wilson added that Key made a business of prowling round Sickles's house.

JACOB WAGNER

Took the lock off the door of the negro man's house in Fifteenth Street, by orders of the negro, John Gray. Mr. Pendleton and other gentlemen were present. Lock identified by Thomas J. Brown, to whom it was handed by Wagner.

THE LOCK AGAIN.

On Friday, 15th, the examination of Wagner was resumed. He said that no one spoke to him about the lock but a colored man. John M. Seeley saw the lock taken off, by directions either of Jones, a lawyer, or Mr. Pendleton. Louis Poole was present on the occasion, and heard Mr. Pendleton direct the lock to be removed.

REV. C. H. A. BUCKLEY

Was a class-mate of Sickles at the University; saw him burst into "a spasm of passionate grief and most frantic energy" at the funeral of Professor Da Ponte. His friends had to remove him by force from the grave-yard. Witness gives this evidence spontaneously. The emotion of Sickles was ephemeral. Next day it had passed away, and the day after he was more light-hearted than usual.

MAJOR HOPKINS,

On the Monday or Wednesday before the shooting, saw Key wave his handkerchief before the house of Sickles. Mrs. Sickles came out and joined him; witness saw them go to Gray's house.—*Cross-examined:* Did not follow the parties; saw them from box of coach. Knows Mrs. S. well. Does not know how tall she is. It was a pleasant day. She wore a black dress and dark cloak bordered with red and white. He was a square off when he saw her. To the best of witness's opinion this was Mrs. Sickles.

NANCY BROWN

Knew Mr. Key; saw him on the Wednesday before he was shot go into the house next to witness's on 15th Street. Witness stopped by prosecution.

CAN THE ADULTERY BE PROVED?

Mr. Carlisle objected to any evidence being given of the adultery of Key and Mrs. Sickles. Mr. Brady argued that they had a right to prove the adultery; because they would show that, "in point of law and in reason, deceased was killed in the act." Mr. Carlisle contended, with great force and eloquence, that it was only competent for the defense to offer proof of the insanity of Sickles, and not to show or attempt to show the supposed cause of that insanity. Mr. Phillips replied for the defense, arguing that the conduct of Key was such that Sickles actually saw him with the mind's eye, when he killed him, in the act of adultery. Adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REFORM BILL.

IN the House of Commons, on the 28th ult., Mr. Owen Stanley said that, in consequence of the explicit statement of the Attorney-General for Ireland that Government would consider the rejection of the second reading of the Reform Bill as equivalent to a vote of censure, he should withdraw the resolution to that effect of which he had given notice. Mr. Cowper asked whether it was intended to incur the expense of a third mail to America, in addition to the two mail services, for which a sum of £176,000 was included in the packet estimates before a vote for this purpose could be submitted in Committee of Supply. Mr. Disraeli said that the contract was before the Admiralty, but it was not yet completed. It was not necessary to take an additional vote for the purpose. The debate on the Reform Bill was resumed, the principal speakers against it being Mr. Edwin James, Monckton Milnes, and Sir James Graham; while those in favor of it were Lord Elcho, Lord A. Vane Tempest, and Sir John Pakington. The latter objected to the conciliatory tone assumed by Lord Palmerston, and declared that Government would hold itself staked on the issue of the debate. On Tuesday, the 29th, the proceedings in the House of Lords were unimportant, and in the House of Commons the debate upon the Reform Bill was continued. Mr. Gladstone was the principal speaker of the evening, and he took ground against Sir John Russell's resolution. The debate was adjourned till Thursday, the 31st, when, at the suggestion of Mr. Disraeli, a vote would be taken.

MR. SPURGEON COMING TO THE UNITED STATES.

It was stated, a few weeks ago, that Mr. Spurgeon had declined to visit America, lest, in the public mind, he should be connected with the personal, financial, and sectarian schemes of individuals who had sought to use him for their own purposes. The number of sermons proposed to be preached was to be very limited, and the sum to be charged for admission was to be two guineas each person, so that the scarcity of the preacher would cause the money to be paid willingly to hear him. Mr. Spurgeon having discovered that it was purely a speculation to make money out of his popularity, declined to accept the terms offered. The London *Star* now hears from reliable sources, that a document signed by responsible gentlemen of various denominations in New York has been forwarded to Mr. Spurgeon, urging him to revoke his decision, and guaranteeing him against the petty annoyances to which he refers. Reliable arrangements have been made by the American Congregational Union to give him a cordial welcome at the meeting which they will hold on the 12th of May. Should Mr. Spurgeon decide on a transatlantic trip it will probably take place during the ensuing summer, since he is to lay the foundation-stone of his new Tabernacle in May. One year will be required to complete it. It is, therefore, probable he will not be able to leave in time to attend the American Congregational Union.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

It is stated that as the procession of the Neapolitan exiles was defiling from Paddington to the centre of London, on the 21st, a young girl about fourteen years old, poorly dressed and barefooted, accosted a cab in which was M. Porcaro, one of the lately freed patriots, and put a shilling in his hand, then rapidly withdrew, without giving him time to refuse. She next went to another cab, and did the same thing with M. Fanatano, another of the Neapolitans. A third Italian gentleman ran after her and tendered her back her two shillings, with thanks on the part of M. Porcaro and M. Fanatano, but she refused to take them back. The poor girl, on being asked her name, said it was Mary Stevens. When M. Porcaro related the incident afterward tears stood in the venerable patriot's eyes; and M. Fanatano said, "I will make a hole in this coin, and preserve it to the end of my days as a sacred relic."

ABUSING HIS PAPA.

An incident occurred on the night of the 21st in the House of Commons which caused considerable amusement. Soon after the commencement of Lord Stanley's reply to Lord John Russell, and at a moment when Lord Stanley was denouncing the noble lord, a shrill scream, evidently from infantine lips, was heard to proceed from the ladies' gallery. On inquiry it turned out that the youngest scion of Lord John's family had been brought down to the House, and that the scream was caused by a natural apprehension for the fate of his noble parent, at the moment writhing under Lord Stanley's sarcasm. The child cried that "that man was abusing his papa."

THE PHILADELPHIA MINSTRELS IN TROUBLE.

On the 19th the Preston Theatre was the scene of an unusual disturbance. The Colored Opera Troupe of the Philadelphia Minstrels were to give the last of a series of entertainments on that evening. The house was only moderately filled, the assembly being composed nearly altogether of the occupants of the pit and gallery. The performance had been proceeded with until a little past nine o'clock, when it was brought to a full stop by the announcement of the leader of the company that they had not been paid the money due to them for their services, and consequently they would not proceed. He assured the audience, however, that their money would be returned. The people left the place, and assailed the money-taker, but he told them that he was unable to return their entrance-money, as he had paid £3—almost the whole sum taken—to the performers themselves. The mob then rushed back into the body of the theatre, got on to the stage, where they soon created considerable havoc and destruction, and after having taken their subscriptions in their own fashion, commenced an assault on the windows of the establishment, some of which were smashed by the missiles hurled against them. On the return of the revenged multitude into the theatre, the minstrels had quietly retreated into more peaceful regions.

FRANCE.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

A Paris telegram says: "After several proposals, it appears that Baden has been fixed upon for the coming Congress, and that it will meet about the 1st of May. It will be attended by five Cabinet Ministers—Malmesbury, representing England; Walewski, France; Gortschakoff, Russia; Buol, Austria; and Schleinitz, Prussia. The Italian States will also be indirectly represented at the Congress. M. Azeglio (Sardinian Minister to England) has arrived here to meet Count Cavour. It is not impossible that they may complicate the negotiations, and their visit to this capital is not viewed with pleasure by the votaries of peace."

The Paris *Presse* says that facts justify the assertion that it is the mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna which has rendered the Congress possible.

The English Government is said to have given its consent to the admission of Sardinia to the Congress.

According to some authorities, the Congress will meet between the 15th and 20th of April.

It is said that Lord Cowley will assist the Earl of Malmesbury, and that M. Drouyn de l'Huys will act as second Commissioner to Count Walewski.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says that, although Austria has promised to attend the Congress, she is not inclined to think peace will be maintained, and, consequently, continues her armaments.

LAMARTINE AND THE EMPEROR.

The Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* states that a few days ago the Emperor sent M. de la Guéronnière to M. Lamartine, desiring him to say that he intended to propose to the Corps Législatif a vote of 100,000 francs (£4000) a year to be paid to Lamartine during his lifetime. The poet refused, begged M. de la Guéronnière to request the Emperor to give up any design of the kind; adding, "I should be obliged to refuse the sum if voted, for I can not recognize the Emperor merely because he makes his power serve my convenience, having refused to acknowledge that power when it oppressed me in common with my fellow-citizens."

DE PENE IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

The items of intelligence from Paris contain the gratifying fact that M. Henri de Pène, the young comic writer who obtained such notoriety and popularity from being made the victim of a clique of military bravos, is sufficiently recovered to be once more at work. A volume has lately appeared under the title of "Paris Intime," containing a collection of some of his best papers, which have appeared in the publications to which he has contributed. The story of the duel is graphically related in these pages.

MORE INSOLENCE FROM THE SOLDIERY.

A letter from Algiers states that, just before the last ball given by the Mayor, the officers of the garrison had the impudence to send word that they would not go if any of those members of the press who had advocated the cause of civil influence in Algeria were to be present. The Mayor answered that it was impossible for him to remodel his list of invitations, and accordingly the officers kept their word, and absented themselves. General M'Mahon himself, although not professing to participate in the opinion of the officers, thought it impolitic to struggle against the *esprit du corps* manifested, and kept away. In the hope of standing well with both parties he made a visit of ceremony to the Mayor next day.

SHOCKING MURDER.

We read in *Galignani:* "An account was given in May last of an old man, named Gouley, of Lyons-la-Foret (Eure), having been found murdered in his house, and a sum of about 30,000 francs, which he was known to have possessed, being stolen. The Court of Assizes of the department has just been occupied three days in trying a young man, named Pinel, and a young married woman, named Langlois, on the charge of having committed the crime. The murder, it appeared, was perpetrated in the night of the 3d May, and it was effected by means of strangulation. In the room in which the dead body lay was a table on which there was some provisions, and cups and plates, indicating that two people had been supping. Now, the woman Langlois, a dress-maker in the village, had sent word to Gouley by a neighbor in the morning of the 3d that she would sup with him at night, and as at night she had gone to him she was arrested. She declared that it was Pinel who had committed the murder, and admitted that she had been present when he did so. On inquiry it was ascertained that Pinel had more than once said to some persons, 'What a heap of louis-d'or old Gouley has! He has shown it to me in his cellar.' It was also discovered that, in the night of the 3d, he had been seen going from his own house in the village toward Gouley's. Likewise, after the murder he was heard to say, 'The assassin, no doubt, knelt on the man's breast while he strangled him with his cravat!' and it was considered likely that such was the way in which the murder had been effected. The jury did not consider the evidence conclusive against the man, and it acquitted him; but it convicted the woman, with extenuating circumstances, and the court sentenced her to hard labor for life."

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

M. Sturne, a medical man residing at Blendecques (Pas-de-Calais), has just lost his life in a melancholy manner. He had for some time past turned his attention very particularly to the treatment of quinsy, and lately published a pamphlet on that disease, and on the efficacy of croton oil as a cure for it. A few days ago he was called in to a young girl of sixteen, who was attacked, but his specific proving ineffectual, he had recourse to the operation of tracheotomy. Not being provided with the necessary probe for the operation, he had recourse to a fragment of India-rubber, which, on being placed in the opening, became distended and would not allow the passage of the mucus. M. Sturne, in order to counteract that inconvenience, placed his mouth to the end of the probe, and by suction removed the mucus from the throat of the patient, who, however, died in a short time after. The devotedness of M. Sturne cost him his life; for some of the mucus having got into his throat, inoculated him, as it were, with the disease, and in spite of every assistance afforded by his medical colleagues, he expired shortly after.

ITALY.

CAVOUR ON THE PEACE-CONGRESS.

A dispatch from Count Cavour to the Sardinian Embassador at London, dated March 17, is published. It is in reply to a question which the British Government had asked, viz.: Whether Sardinia would follow the example of Austria, and declare in a formal manner that she has no intention of attacking her powerful neighbors? Count Cavour, in his reply, criticises the menacing attitude of Austria, and says: "So long as our neighbors group round them and against us all the States of Italy which border on us, and while they can freely march their troops on the banks of the Po and up to the Apennines; so long as they can hold Piacenza (transformed into a fortress of the first order), continually threatening our frontier, it will be impossible for us to remain defenseless in the face of the provoking and armed attitude of Austria."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, April* 16, 1859.

THE Spring trade is beginning to slacken, and there is less movement in commercial circles. Money continues to be very plentiful; the banks are again expanded to the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty millions, but as the country exchanges are in favor of the city, they will accumulate more gold than they lose. Exchange on Europe is firm at 109¾ @ 110. Money rules at 4 @ 5 on call, and 6 @ 7 for first-class business paper.

Stocks are higher. The public appear to be beginning to buy in apprehension of the general recovery of the Western country.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April* 16, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Flour, which has increased in value. Wheat and Corn have been in limited request, and prices have favored buyers. Barley has been in fair demand at uniform rates. Rye and Oats have been quiet....Cotton has been less sought after at former quotations....Pork has been more freely offered and purchased at, however, easier prices. Lard and Beef have been moderately inquired for at unaltered figures for the latter. Lard is a shade dearer. Butter and Cheese have been inactive....Groceries have been in good demand, and have continued firm....Hay has attracted more attention at improved rates....Hemp, Hops, and Seeds have been lightly dealt in....Naval Stores have been actively sought after at advancing prices....Hides, Leather, Tobacco, and Wool have been in moderate request at old quotations....The business transacted in Dry Goods has been limited, in the absence of the anticipated inquiry, from the Western and near-by trade. In Stocks and prices no important changes have occurred....The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,345,834 against $386,835 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $36,462,599 against $15,494,388 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine State Flour, per barrel	$5 15	@	$5 60
Extra State Flour	6 00	@	6 50
Superfine Western	5 20	@	5 70
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 40	@	7 50
Extra Missouri,	7 00	@	9 00
Superfine Southern	6 00	@	6 60
Extra Southern	6 75	@	8 25
Superfine Rye Flour	3 60	@	3 80
Jersey Corn Meal	3 90	@	3 95
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 50	@	1 70
White Southern Wheat	1 45	@	1 75
Red Western Wheat	1 40	@	1 46
Milwaukee Club	1 02½	@	1 32½
Chicago Spring	85	@	1 05
New Yellow Corn	83	@	88
Rye	86	@	90
Barley	60	@	80
Western Oats	57	@	59
State Oats	53	@	55
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	50	@	53
Southern Oats	47	@	52
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12½
New Mess Pork, per barrel	17 25	@	—
Prime Pork	12 50	@	12 60
Country Mess Beef	8 00	@	9 25
Hams, per pound	8	@	9½
Shoulders	6¼	@	6½
Lard	11½	@	11¾
Fair to Prime State Butter	17	@	25
Ohio Butter	9	@	15
Cheese	7	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 50
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12½
New Orleans Sugar	6	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	39	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	66
Oolong Teas	30	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26	@	26½
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	9	@	15
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	65	@	80
Tallow, per pound	10¼	@	10½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 90	@	3 95
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	53	@	54
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 67½	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	63	@	65
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5¼	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool	42½	@	65
" Pulled Wool	34	@	55

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less active for Beeves, though prices favored buyers....A fair inquiry prevailed for good Milch Cows at former rates....Veal Calves were more plenty, and were lower....Sheep and Lambs were also freely offered at reduced quotations, yet the demand was not brisk....Swine were abundant and depressed.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

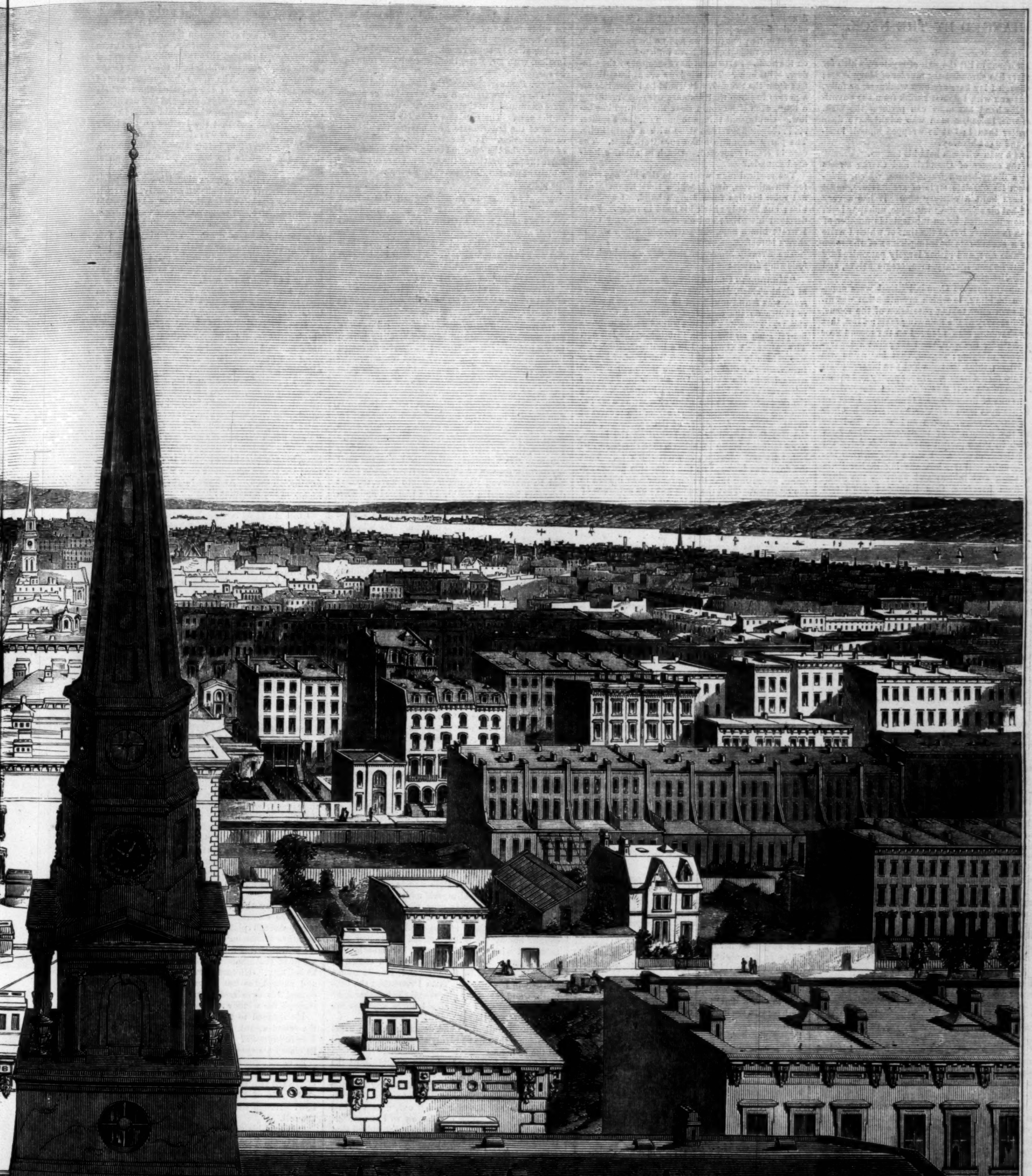
Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 9	@	$ 12½
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	30 00	@	45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	7 50
" " per pound	5	@	8
Live Swine	5	@	6¼
Dressed "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have favored buyers during the week. The supplies have been generally good, while the demand has been only moderate.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 50
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9
Dried Peaches, peeled	12	@	16
Potatoes, per barrel	1 12	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet	4 00	@	4 50
Onions	2 50	@	4 00
Turnips	75	@	1 00
Parsnips	75	@	1 00
Beets	75	@	1 00
Carrots	75	@	1 00
Cabbage, per 100	3 00	@	7 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	11 00	@	15 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Peas, per barrel	5 00	@	7 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13½	@	14½
Chickens, per pound	13	@	15
Fowls	12	@	15
Geese	10	@	13
Turkeys	14	@	16
Ducks	17	@	20
" black, per pair	50	@	75
" widgeon	50	@	62½
" canvas back	1 00	@	1 50
" gray	50	@	62½
" redheads	75	@	1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 87	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	2 00	@	2 50
Partridge, per pair	75	@	87
English Snipe	40	@	50

NEW YORK CITY AND ENVIRONS, FROM THE SPIRE O



OF DR. SPRING'S NEW BRICK CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE.

HANGED BY THE NECK.

I.

I am about to lift the vail of mystery which for ten years has shrouded the murder of Mary Ware; and though I lay bare my own weakness, or folly, or what you will, I do not shrink from the unvailing. No hand but mine can perform the task. There was, indeed, a man who might have done this better than I; but he wrapped himself in silence, and went his way.

I like a man who can hold his tongue.

On the corner of Crandall and Clarke streets stands a dingy-brown frame-house, which, judging from its obsolete style of architecture, must have been built a century ago. It has a very cocked-hat air about it—an antique, unhappy look. It is now tenanted by an incalculable number of German families; but at the time of which I write it was a second-rate boarding-house of the more respectable sort, and rather largely patronized by poor but honest literary men, tragic actors, and pretty ballet-girls.

My apartments on Crandall Street were opposite this building, to which my attention was directed, soon after taking possession of the rooms, by the discovery of the following facts: First, that a very charming *blonde* lodged on the second floor front of "over the way," and sang like a canary-bird every morning; second, that her name was Mary Ware; third, that she had two lovers—short allowance for a *danseuse*. If ever poetry and pathos took human shape it was christened Mary Ware. She was one of Beauty's best thoughts. I can not tell if her eyes were black or hazel; but her hair was bronze-brown, silken and wavy, and her mouth the perfection of tenderness. Her form was rich in those perfect curves which delighted the old Greek masters. I write this with no impure thought. But when she lay in her little room, stark and lifeless and horrible, the glory faded from her face, then I stooped down and kissed her, but not till then. How ghastly she looked! Eyes with no light in them, lips with no breath on them—white, cold, dead!

Mary Ware was a finer study to me than her lovers. One of them was commonplace enough—well-dressed, well-made, handsome, shallow. Nature manufactures such men by the gross. He was a lieutenant, in the navy I think, and ought to have been on the sea, or in it, instead of working ruin ashore. The other was a man of different mould. His character, like his person, had rough lines to it. Only for the drooping of his eyelids, and a certain coarseness about the mouth, he would have been handsome, in spite of those dark, deep-sunken eyes. His frame would have set an anatomist wild—tall, deep-chested, knitted with muscles of steel. "Some day," said I, as I saw him stalk by the house one evening, "he will throw the little Lieutenant out of that second-story window." It would have been a wise arrangement.

From the time I left off short jackets women have perplexed me. I have discovered what woman is not, but I have never found out what she is. I can not tell to this day which of those two men Mary Ware loved, or if she loved either. The flirtation, however, was scandal enough for the entire neighborhood; but little did the gossips dream of the tragedy which was being acted under their noses.

This affair had continued for several months, when it was reported that Mary and Julius Kenneth were affianced. The Lieutenant was less frequently seen in Clarke Street; and Julius waited upon Mary's footsteps with a humility and tenderness strangely out of keeping with his rough nature. Mrs. Grundy was somewhat appeased. Yet, though Mary went to the Sunday concerts with Julius Kenneth, she still wore the Lieutenant's roses in her bosom!

If I could only meet with an unenigmatical woman!

II.

I was awakened one morning by several quick, nervous raps on my room door. The noise startled me from a most appalling dream.

"Oh, Sir!" cried a voice on the landing, "there's been a dreadful murder done across the street! They've murdered Mary Ware!"

"I will get up." That was all I said. I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock. I had overslept myself; but then I sat up late the night before.

I dressed myself hastily, and, without waiting for breakfast, pushed my way through the crowd that had collected in front of the house, and passed up stairs unquestioned to the scene of the tragedy. When I entered the room there were six people present—a tall, slim gentleman, with a professional air, evidently a physician; two policemen; Adelaide Woods, an actress; Mrs. Marston, the landlady; and Julius Kenneth. In the centre of the chamber, on the bed, lay the body of Mary Ware. The face of the corpse haunted me for years afterward with its bloodless lips, the dark streaks under the eyes, and the long silk hair streaming over the pillow. I stooped over her for a moment, and turned down the counterpane, which was drawn up closely to her chin.

"There was that across her throat
Which you had hardly cared to see!"

At the head of the bed sat Julius Kenneth, bending over the icy hand which he held in his own. He seemed to be kissing it. The gentleman in black was conversing in undertones with Mrs. Marston, who wrung her hands every other moment and glanced toward the body. The two policemen were examining the doors, closets, and windows of the premises. There was no fire in the air-tight stove, but the room was suffocatingly close. I opened a window and leaned against the casement to catch the fresh air. The physician approached me. I muttered something to him.

"Yes," he began; "the affair looks very mysterious, as you remark. Never saw so little evidence of any thing. Thought at first 'twas a case of suicide: door locked, key on the inside, room in perfect order; but then we find no instrument with which the subject could have inflicted that wound on the neck. Party must have escaped by the window. But how? The windows are at least thirty feet from the ground. It would be impossible for a person to jump that distance without fracturing a limb, even if he could clear the iron railing below. Unpleasant things to jump on, those spikes. ...... Must have been done with a sharp knife. The party meant to make sure work of it. The carotid cleanly severed. Death in about a hundred seconds."

The medical man went on in this hideous style for ten minutes, during which time Kenneth did not raise his lips from Mary's hand. I spoke to him; but he only shook his head in reply. I understood his grief; and on returning to my room I wrote him a note, the purport of which will be shown hereafter.

The *Evening Mirror* of that day contained the following article:

"Murder in Clarke Street.—This morning, at eight o'clock, Mary Ware, the well-known *danseuse*, was found murdered in her bed, at her late residence on the corner of Clarke and Crandall streets. There was but one wound on the body—a fearful gash on the neck, just below the left ear. The deceased was dressed in a ballet-costume, and was evidently murdered immediately after her return from the theatre, by some person or persons concealed in the room. On a chair near the bed lay several fresh bouquets, and a long cloak which the deceased was in the habit of wearing over her dancing dress on coming home from the theatre at night. The perfect order of the apartment, and the fact that the door was locked on the inside, have induced many to believe that the poor girl killed herself. But we can not think so. That the door was fastened on the inner side proves nothing, excepting that the murderer was hidden in the chamber. That the room gave no evidence of a struggle is also an insignificant fact. Two men, or even one strong man, grappling suddenly with the deceased, who was a very slight woman, would have prevented any great struggle. No weapon whatever was discovered on the premises. We give below all the material testimony elicited by the coroner's inquest. It explains nothing.

"*Harriet Marston* deposes: I keep a boarding-house at 131 Clarke Street. The deceased has boarded with me for the past two years. Has always borne a good character. I do not think she had many visitors; certainly no male visitors except a Lieutenant King, and Mr. Kenneth, to whom she was engaged. I do not know when Lieutenant King was last at the house; not within three days, I am confident. Deceased told me that he had gone away forever. I did not see her last night when she returned from the theatre. The hall-door is never locked; each of the boarders has a latch-key. The last time I saw the deceased was just before she went to the theatre, when she requested me to call her at eight o'clock, as she had promised to walk out with 'Jules,' meaning Mr. Kenneth. I knocked at the door eight or ten times, and received no answer. I then grew frightened, and called one of the boarders, Adelaide Woods, who helped me to force the lock. The key fell out on the inside as we pressed against the door. Mary Ware was lying on the bed with her throat cut. The quilt and the strip of carpet beside the bed were covered with blood. She was not undressed. The room presented the same appearance it does now.

"*Adelaide Woods* deposes: I am an actress. I occupy a room next to that of the deceased. It was about eleven o'clock when she came home; she stopped ten or fifteen minutes in my chamber. The call-boy of the Olympic usually accompanied her home from the theatre. I let her in. Deceased had misplaced her night-key. I did not hear any noise in the night. The partition between our rooms is quite thick; but I do not sleep heavily, and should have heard any unusual noise. Two weeks ago deceased told me that she was to be married to Mr. Kenneth in June. She and Mr. Kenneth were in the habit of taking walks before breakfast. The last time I saw them together was yesterday morning. I assisted Mrs. Marston in breaking open the door. [Describes position of the body, etc., etc.]

"Here the call-boy was summoned, and testified to accompanying the deceased home on the night of the murder. He came as far as the steps with her. The door was opened by a woman. Could not swear it was Miss Woods, though he knows her by sight. The night was very dark, and there was no lamp burning in the entry.

"*Julius Kenneth* deposes: I am a machinist. I reside at No. — Forsyth Street. I have been acquainted with the deceased for eighteen months. We were engaged to be married. [Here the witness's voice failed him.] The last time I saw her was yesterday morning, on which occasion we walked out together. I did not leave my room last evening. I was confined to the house by a cold all day. A Lieutenant King used to visit the deceased frequently. It created considerable talk in the neighborhood. I did not like it, and requested her to break off the acquaintance. Deceased told me yesterday morning that Lieutenant King had been ordered to some foreign station, and would trouble me no more. Deceased had engaged to walk with me this morning at eight o'clock. When I reached Clarke Street I first learned that she had been murdered. [Here the witness, overcome by his emotions, was permitted to retire.]

"*Dr. Underhill* deposes: [This witness was very voluble and learned, and had to be suppressed several times by the coroner. We give his testimony in brief.] I was called in to view the body of the deceased. A deep wound on the throat, two inches below the left ear, severing the left common carotid and the internal jugular vein, had been inflicted by some sharp instrument. Such a wound would produce death almost immediately. The body bore no other marks of violence. The deceased must have been dead several hours, the rigor mortis having already supervened. On a second examination, with Dr. Rose, the deceased was found to be *enceinte*.

"*Dr. Rose* corroborated the above testimony.

"The night-watchman and several other people were examined, but their statements threw no light on the case. The situation of Julius Kenneth, the lover of the unfortunate girl, excites the deepest commiseration. The deceased was nineteen years of age. Who the criminal is, and what could have led to the perpetration of the cruel act, are mysteries which, at present, threaten to baffle the sagacity of the police."

I could but smile on reading all this solemn nonsense. After breakfast the next morning I made my toilet with extreme care, and presented myself at the sheriff's office. Two gentlemen who were sitting with him at a table started to their feet as I announced myself. I bowed to the sheriff very calmly, and said,

"*I am the person who murdered Mary Ware!*"

Of course I was instantly arrested. The *Mirror* of that evening favored me with the following complimentary notice:

"The Clarke Street Homicide: Further Developments: More Mystery.—The person who murdered the ballet-girl in Clarke Street on the night of the 3d inst. surrendered himself to the sheriff this morning. He gave his name as Paul Pyne, and resides opposite the scene of the tragedy. He is of medium height, and well made; has dark, restless eyes, and chestnut hair; his face is unnaturally pale, and by no means improved by the Mephistophelian smile which constantly plays upon his lips. Notwithstanding his gentlemanly address, there is that about him which stamps him villain. His voluntary surrender is not the least mysterious feature of this mysterious *affaire*; for, had he preserved silence, he would have escaped detection beyond a doubt. He planned and executed the murder with such skill that there is little or no evidence against him save his own confession, which is inexplicable enough. He acknowledges the crime, but stubbornly refuses to enter into details. He expresses a desire to be hanged immediately! How he entered the room, and by what means he left it after committing the heinous deed, and why he brutally murdered a woman with whom, as it is proved, he had no previous acquaintance, are enigmas which still perplex the public mind, and will not let curiosity sleep. These facts, however, will probably be brought to light during the trial. In the mean time the greatest excitement reigns throughout the city."

At four o'clock that afternoon the door of my cell turned on its hinges, and Julius Kenneth stood face to face with me. I ought to have cowered in the presence of that injured man, but I did not. I was cool, satanic; he feverish and terrible.

"You got my note?" I said.

"Yes; and I have come here as you requested."

"You know, of course, that I have refused to reveal the circumstances connected with the murder? I wished to make the confession to you alone."

He turned his eyes on mine for a moment, and said, "Well?"

"But even to you I will assign no reason for having committed this crime. It was necessary that Mary Ware should die. I decided that she should die in her chamber; and to that end I purloined her night-key."

Julius Kenneth fixed his eyes on me.

"On Wednesday night, after Mary Ware had gone to the theatre, I entered the hall-door by means of the key, and stole unobserved into her chamber, and secreted myself under the bed, or in that small clothes-press near the stove—I forget which. Some time between eleven and twelve o'clock she returned; and as she lighted the gas I caught her by the waist, pressed a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her mouth, and threw her on the bed. When she had ceased to struggle, and I could use my hand, I made a deep incision in her throat. Then I smoothed the bedclothes, and threw my gloves and the handkerchief into the stove. I am afraid there was not fire enough to burn them!"

Kenneth walked up and down the cell in great agitation; then he suddenly stopped and sat down on the bed.

"Are you listening? I then extinguished the light and proceeded to make my escape from the room, which I did in so simple a manner that the police, through their very desire to discover wonderful things, will never find it out, unless indeed *you* betray me. The night, you will remember, was remarkably foggy; it was so thick indeed that it was impossible to see a person at four yards' distance. I raised the window-sash cautiously and let myself out, holding on by the sill until my feet touched on the left-hand blind of the window beneath, which swung back against the house and was made stationary by the catch. By standing on this—my arms are almost as long as yours—I was able to reach the tin water-spout of the adjacent building, and by that I descended to the sidewalk."

Kenneth glared at me like some ferocious animal.

"On gaining the street," I continued, "I found that I had thoughtlessly brought the knife with me—a long, slim-bladed knife. I should have left it in the room. It would have given the whole thing the appearance of suicide. I threw the knife—"

"Into the river!" exclaimed Kenneth, involuntarily.

And then I smiled.

"How did you know it was I!" he shrieked.

"It was as plain as day," I returned, coolly. "Hush, they will hear you on the corridor. I knew it the moment I saw you sitting by the bed. First, because you shrunk instinctively from the corpse though you seemed to caress it. Your grief throughout was clumsily done, Sir; it was too melodramatic. Secondly, when I looked into the stove I saw a handkerchief partly consumed, and then I instantly remembered the faint, peculiar smell which I had observed in the room before the windows were opened. Thirdly, when I went to the window, I noticed that the paint was scraped off the iron brackets which held the spout to the adjoining house. The spout had been painted three days previously; the paint on the brackets was thicker than any where else, and had not dried. On looking at your feet, which I did when I spoke to you, I remarked that the leather on the inner side of both your boots was slightly chafed."

"If you intend to betray me—" and Kenneth thrust his hand in his bosom. He had a pistol there.

"That I am *here* proves that I intend nothing of the kind. If you will listen patiently, you shall learn why *I* acknowledge the crime, why *I* would bear the penalty. I believe there are vast, intense sensations from which we are shut out by the fear of a certain kind of death. This pleasure, this ecstasy, this something which I have striven for all my life, is known only to the privileged few—innocent men, who, through some oversight of the law, are *hanged by the neck*. Some men are born to be hanged, some have hanging thrust upon them, and some (as I hope to do) achieve hanging. For years and years I have watched for such a chance as this. Worlds could not tempt me to divulge your guilt any more than worlds could have tempted to commit your crime. A man's mind and heart should be at ease to enjoy, to the utmost, this delicious death. Now you may go."

And I turned my back on him. Kenneth came to my side and placed his heavy hand on my shoulder—that red right hand which all the tears of the angels could not wash white. It made me shudder.

"I shall go far from here," he said, hurriedly. "I can not, I *will not*, die now. They dishonored me. Mary was to have been my wife, so she would have hidden her shame! She is dead. When I meet *him* then I shall have done with life. I shall not die till then. And you?—they will not harm you, you are a maniac!"

The cell door closed on Julius Kenneth.

I bite the blood into my lips with vexation when I think what a miserable failure I made of it. Three stupid friends who had played cards with me at my room on the night of the murder proved an *alibi*. I was literally turned out of the Tombs, for I insisted on being executed. Then it was maddening to have all the papers call me "a monomaniac." I a monomaniac! I like that! What was Pythagoras, and Newton, and Fulton, and Stephen Branch?

But I kept my peace; and impenetrable mystery shrouded the murder of Mary Ware.

III.

Three years ago, in a broad daylight, a man was shot dead on Broadway. A hundred eyes saw the deed. I went to the man's funeral. They buried him with military honors. So much for Lieutenant King!

The first gray light of dawn struggled through the narrow window of the cell, and drove the shadows into the farther corner, where Julius Kenneth lay sleeping. A summer morning was breaking on the city.

In cool green woods millions of birds stirred in their nests, waiting for the miracle of morning; the night-trains dashed through quiet New England towns; innumerable shop-boys took down innumerable shutters; the milkmen shrieked; the clocks struck; doors opened and closed; the glamour of sleep was broken, and all the vast machinery of life was put in motion.

But to the man in jail it was as if these things were not.

As he lay there, slumbering in the increasing light, the carpenters in the prison-yard were raising a wooden platform, with two hideous black uprights supporting a horizontal beam, in the centre of which was a small iron pulley. The quick sound of the hammers broke in on his dreams, if he had any. He turned restlessly once or twice, and pushed the hot pillow from him. Then he opened his eyes and saw the splendid blue sky through the window.

He listened to the hammers. He knew what the sound meant. It was his last day on earth. *Vive la bagatelle!* He would have more sleep; so he closed his eyes again.

At eight o'clock the jailer brought him his breakfast, and he devoured it like an animal. An hour afterward two attendants dressed him in a melancholy suit of black, and arranged his tangled hair. At ten the chaplain of the prison entered the cell.

"Would his poor friend," he said, approaching the wretch, "turn, in this last, sad hour, to Him whose mercy, like the heaven, spanned all things? Would he listen for a while to the teachings of One whose life and death were two pure prayers for mankind? Would he have, at this awful moment, such consolation as he, a humble worker in God's vineyard, could give him?"

"No: but he would have some brandy."

The unscientific beast! I could pity him—not that he was to be hanged, but because he was not in the state of mind to enjoy the ecstatic sensations which I am convinced result from strangulation. The chaplain remained with the man, and the man yawned.

The ponderous bell of the City Hall sounded a boisterous alarm of fire, and St. Paul's modestly struck eleven, as the High Sheriff, with a drawn sword in his hand, paused at the foot of the scaffold, while the prisoner, followed by the indefatigable chaplain, complacently mounted the rough deal steps which lead to—can any body tell me where? To the top of the scaffold. Quite right!

I shall not forget that insensible, stony face, as I saw it for a moment before the black cap screened it from the crowd. Why did they hide his face? I should like to have studied the convulsive workings of those features.

In the stillness of that June night they took the

body away in a pine coffin and buried it somewhere. I don't know where. I have not the slightest idea where they bury that sort of man.

THE HALF-BROTHERS.

My mother was twice married. She never spoke of her first husband, and it is only from other people that I have learned what little I know about him. I believe she was scarcely seventeen when she was married to him: and he was barely one-and-twenty. He rented a small farm up in Cumberland, somewhere toward the sea-coast; but he was perhaps too young and inexperienced to have the charge of land and cattle: anyhow, his affairs did not prosper, and he fell into ill-health, and died of consumption before they had been three years man and wife, leaving my mother a young widow of twenty, with a little child only just able to walk, and the farm on her hands for four years more by the lease, with half the stock on it dead, or sold off one by one to pay the more pressing debts, and with no money to purchase more, or even to buy the provisions needed for the small consumption of every day. There was another child coming, too; and sad and sorry, I believe, she was to think of it. A dreary winter she must have had in her lonesome dwelling, with never another near it for miles around; her sister came to bear her company, and they two planned and plotted how to make every penny they could raise go as far as possible. I can't tell you how it happened that my little sister, whom I never saw, came to sicken and die; but, as if my poor mother's cup was not full enough, only a fortnight before Gregory was born the little girl took ill of scarlet fever, and in a week she lay dead. My mother was, I believe, just stunned with this last blow. My aunt has told me that she did not cry; Aunt Fanny would have been thankful if she had; but she sat holding the poor wee lassie's hand, and looking in her pretty, pale, dead face, without so much as shedding a tear. But after Gregory was born, somehow his coming seemed to loosen the tears, and she cried day and night, day and night, till my aunt and the other watcher looked at each other in dismay, and would fain have stopped her if they had but known how. But she bade them let her alone, and not be over-anxious, for every drop she shed eased her brain, which had been in a terrible state before for want of the power to cry. She seemed after that to think of nothing but her baby. Aunt Fanny was older than my mother, and had a way of treating her like a child; but, for all that, she was a kind, warm-hearted creature, who thought more of her sister's welfare than she did of her own; and it was on her bit of money that they principally lived, and on what the two could earn by working for the great Glasgow sewing-merchants. But by-and-by my mother's eyesight began to fail. It was not that she was exactly blind, for she could see well enough to guide herself about the house, and to do a good deal of domestic work; but she could no longer do fine sewing and earn money. My Aunt Fanny would fain have persuaded her that she had enough to do in managing their cottage and minding Gregory; but my mother knew that they were pinched, and that Aunt Fanny herself had not as much to eat, even of the commonest kind of food, as she could have done with; and as for Gregory, he was not a strong lad, and needed, not more food—for he always had enough, whoever went short—but better nourishment, and more flesh-meat. One day—it was Aunt Fanny who told me all this about my poor mother, long after her death—as the sisters were sitting together, Aunt Fanny working, and my mother hushing Gregory to sleep, William Preston, who was afterward my father, came in. He was reckoned an old bachelor; I suppose he was long past forty, and he was one of the wealthiest farmers thereabout, and had known my grandfather well, and my mother, and my aunt in their more prosperous days. He sat down, and began to twirl his hat by way of being agreeable; my Aunt Fanny talked, and he listened and looked at my mother. But he said very little, either on that visit or on many another that he paid before he spoke out what had been the real purpose of his calling so often all along, and from the very first time he came to their house. One Sunday, however, my Aunt Fanny staid away from church and took care of the child, and my mother went alone. When she came back, she ran straight up stairs, without going into the kitchen to look at Gregory or speak any word to her sister, and Aunt Fanny heard her cry as if her heart was breaking; so she went up and scolded her right well through the bolted door, till at last she got her to open it. And then she threw herself on my aunt's neck, and told her that William Preston had asked her to marry him, and had promised to take good charge of her boy, and to let him want for nothing, neither in the way of keep nor of education, and that she had consented. Aunt Fanny was a good deal shocked at this; for, as I have said, she had often thought that my mother had forgotten her first husband very quickly, and now here was proof positive of it, if she could so soon think of marrying again. Besides, as Aunt Fanny used to say, she herself would have been a far more suitable match for a man of William Preston's age than Helen, who, though she was a widow, had not seen her four-and-twentieth summer. However, as Aunt Fanny said, they had not asked her advice; and there was much to be said on the other side of the question. By-and-by Fanny seemed to take a brighter view of the marriage than did my mother herself, who hardly ever looked up, and never smiled after the day when she promised William Preston to be his wife. But much as she had loved Gregory before, she seemed to love him more now.

At last William Preston and she were wed; and she went to be mistress of a well-stocked house, not above half an hour's walk from where Aunt Fanny lived. I believe she did all that she could to please my father; and a more dutiful wife, I have heard him himself say, could never have been. But she did not love him, and he soon found it out. She loved Gregory, and she did not love him. Perhaps, love would have come in time, if he had been patient enough to wait; but it just turned him sour to see how her eye brightened and her color came at the sight of that little child, while for him who had given her so much she had only gentle words as cold as ice. He got to taunt her with the difference in her manner, as if that would bring love: and he took a positive dislike to Gregory—he was so jealous of the ready love that always gushed out like a spring of fresh water when he came near. He wanted her to love him more, and perhaps that was all well and good; but he wanted her to love her child less, and that was an evil wish. One day he gave way to his temper, and cursed and swore at Gregory, who had got into some mischief, as children will; my mother made some excuse for him; my father said it was hard enough to have to keep another man's child, without having it perpetually held up in its naughtiness by his wife, who ought to be always in the same mind that he was; and so from little they got to more; and the end of it was, that my mother took to her bed before her time, and I was born that very day. My father was glad, and proud, and sorry, all in a breath; glad and proud that a son was born to him; and sorry for his poor wife's state, and to think how his angry words had brought it on. But he was a man who liked better to be angry than sorry, so he soon found out that it was all Gregory's fault, and owed him an additional grudge for having hastened my birth. He had another grudge against him before long. My mother began to sink the day after I was born. My father sent to Carlisle for doctors, and would have coined his heart's blood into gold to save her, if that could have been; but it could not. My Aunt Fanny used to say sometimes, that she thought Helen did not wish to live, and so just let herself die away without trying to take hold on life; but when I questioned her, she owned that my mother did all the doctors bade her do, with the same sort of uncomplaining patience with which she had acted through life. One of her last requests was to have Gregory laid in her bed by my side, and then she made him take hold of my little hand. Her husband came in while she was looking at us so, and when he bent tenderly over her to ask her how she felt now, and seemed to gaze on us two little half-brothers with a grave sort of kindliness, she looked up in his face and smiled, almost her first smile at him; and such a sweet smile! as more besides Aunt Fanny have said. In an hour she was dead. Aunt Fanny came to live with us. It was the best thing that could be done. My father would have been glad to return to his old mode of bachelor life, but what could he do with two little children? He needed a woman to take care of him, and who so fitting as his wife's elder sister? After a time I overcame my original weakliness of constitution, and was just a bonny, strong-looking lad whom every passer-by noticed, when my father took me with him to the nearest town.

At home I was the darling of my aunt, the tenderly-beloved of my father, the pet and plaything of the old domestic, the "young master" of the farm-laborers, before whom I played many a lordly antic, assuming a sort of authority which sat oddly enough, I doubt not, on such a baby as I was.

Gregory was three years older than I. Aunt Fanny was always kind to him in deed and in action, but she did not often think about him. She had fallen so completely into the habit of being engrossed by me from the fact of my having come into her charge as a delicate baby. My father never got over his grudging dislike to his step-son, who had so innocently wrestled with him for the possession of my mother's heart. I mistrust me, too, that my father always considered him as the cause of my mother's death and my early delicacy; and utterly unreasonable as this may seem, I believe my father rather cherished his feeling of alienation to my brother as a duty than strove to repress it. Yet not for the world would my father have grudged him any thing that money could purchase. That was, as it were, in the bond when he had wedded my mother. Gregory was lumpish and loutish, awkward and ungainly, marring whatever he meddled in; and many a hard word and sharp scolding did he get from the people about the farm, who hardly waited till my father's back was turned before they rated the step-son. I am ashamed—my heart is sore to think how I fell into the fashion of the family, and slighted my poor orphan step-brother. I don't think I ever scouted him, or was willfully ill-natured to him; but the habit of being considered in all things, and being treated as something uncommon and superior, made me insolent in my prosperity, and I exacted more than Gregory was always willing to grant, and then, irritated, I sometimes repeated the disparaging words I had heard others use with regard to him, without fully understanding their meaning. Whether he did or not I can not tell. I am afraid he did. He used to turn silent and quiet—sullen and sulky my father thought it; stupid, Aunt Fanny used to call it. But every one said he was stupid and dull, and this stupidity and dullness grew upon him. He would sit without speaking a word, sometimes, for hours; then my father would bid him rise and do some piece of work, maybe, about the farm. And he would take three or four tellings before he would go. When we were sent to school it was all the same. He could never be made to remember his lessons; the schoolmaster grew weary of scolding and flogging, and at last advised my father just to take him away and set him to some farm-work that might not be above his comprehension. I think he was more gloomy and stupid than ever after this, yet he was not a cross lad; he was patient and good-natured, and would try to do a kind turn for any one, even if they had been scolding or cuffing him not a minute before. But very often his attempts at kindness ended in some mischief to the very people he was trying to serve, owing to his awkward, ungainly ways. I suppose I was a clever lad; at any rate, I always got plenty of praise, and was, as we called it, the cock of the school. The schoolmaster said I could learn any thing I chose: but my father, who had no great learning himself, saw little use in much for me, and took me away betimes, and kept me with him about the farm. Gregory was made into a kind of shepherd, receiving his training under old Adam, who was nearly past his work. I think old Adam was almost the first person who had a good opinion of Gregory. He stood to it that my brother had good parts, though he did not rightly know how to bring them out; and for knowing the bearings of the Fells, he said he had never seen a lad like him.

One winter-time, when I was about sixteen, and Gregory nineteen, I was sent by my father on an errand to a place about seven miles distant by the road, but only about four by the Fells. He bade me return by the road, whichever way I took in going, for the evenings closed in early, and were often thick and misty; besides which old Adam, now paralytic and bedridden, foretold a downfall of snow before long. I soon got to my journey's end, and soon had done my business—earlier by an hour, I thought, than my father had expected—so I took the decision of the way by which I would return into my own hands, and set off back again over the Fells just as the first shades of evening began to fall. It looked dark and gloomy enough; but every thing was so still that I thought I should have plenty of time to get home before the snow came down. Off I set at a pretty quick pace. But night came on quicker. The right path was clear enough in the day-time, although at several points two or three exactly similar diverged from the same place; but when there was a good light the traveler was guided by the sight of distant objects—a piece of rock, a fall in the ground—which were quite invisible to me now. I plucked up a brave heart, however, and took what seemed to me the right road. It was wrong, however, and led me whither I knew not, but to some wild boggy moor where the solitude seemed painful, intense, as if never footfall of man had come thither to break the silence. I tried to shout, with the dimmest possible hope of being heard, rather to reassure myself by the sound of my own voice; but my voice came husky and short, and yet it dismayed me; it seemed so weird and strange in that noiseless expanse of black darkness. Suddenly the air was filled thick with dusky flakes, my face and hands were wet with snow. It cut me off from the slightest knowledge of where I was, for I lost every idea of the direction from which I had come, so that I could not even retrace my steps; it hemmed me in, thicker, thicker, with a darkness that might be felt. To save myself from shedding tears, I shouted—terrible, wild shouts for bare life they were. I turned sick as I paused to listen; no answering sound came but the unfeeling echoes. Only the noiseless, pitiless snow kept falling thicker, thicker—faster, faster! I was growing numb and sleepy. I tried to move about, but I dared not go far, for fear of the precipices which I knew abounded in certain places on the Fells. Now and then I stood still and shouted again; but my voice was getting choked with tears, as I thought of the desolate, helpless death I was to die, and how little they at home, sitting round the warm, red, bright fire, wotted what was become of me; and how my poor father would grieve for me; it would surely kill him—it would break his heart, poor old man! Aunt Fanny too—was this to be the end of all her cares for me? I began to review my life in a strange kind of vivid dream, in which the various scenes of my few boyish years passed before me like visions. In a pang of agony, caused by such remembrance of my short life, I gathered up my strength and called out once more, a long, despairing, wailing cry, to which I had no hope of obtaining any answer, save from the echoes around, dulled as the sound might be by the thickened air. To my surprise, I heard a cry—almost as long, as wild as mine—so wild that it seemed unearthly, and I almost thought it must be the voice of some of the mocking spirits of the Fells, about whom I had heard so many tales. My heart suddenly began to beat fast and loud. I could not reply for a minute or two. I nearly fancied I had lost the power of utterance. Just at this moment a dog barked. Was it Lassie's bark—my brother's collie?—an ugly enough brute, with a white, ill-looking face, that my father always kicked whenever he saw it, partly for its own demerits, partly because it belonged to my brother. On such occasions Gregory would whistle Lassie away, and go off and sit with her in some outhouse. My father had once or twice been ashamed of himself when the poor collie had yowled out with the suddenness of the pain, and had relieved himself of his self-reproach by blaming my brother, who, he said, had no notion of training a dog, and was enough to ruin any collie in Christendom with his stupid way of allowing them to lie by the kitchen fire. To all which Gregory would answer nothing, nor even seem to hear, but go on looking absent and moody.

Yes! there again! It was Lassie's bark! Now or never! I lifted up my voice and shouted "Lassie! Lassie! For God's sake, Lassie!" Another moment, and the great white-faced Lassie was curving and gamboling with delight round my feet and legs, looking, however, up in my face with her intelligent, apprehensive eyes, as if fearing lest I might greet her with a blow, as I had done oftentimes before. But I cried with gladness, as I stooped down and patted her. My mind was sharing in my body's weakness, and I could not reason, but I knew that help was at hand. A gray figure came more and more distinctly out of the thick, close-pressing darkness. It was Gregory wrapped in his maud.

"Oh, Gregory!" said I, and I fell upon his neck, unable to speak another word. He never spoke much, and made me no answer for some little time. Then he told me we must move, we must walk for the dear life—we must find our road home, if possible; but we must move or we should be frozen to death.

"Don't you know the way home?" asked I.

"I thought I did when I set out, but I am doubtful now. The snow blinds me, and I am feared that in moving about just now I have lost the right gait homeward."

He had his shepherd's staff with him, and by dint of plunging it before us at every step we took—clinging close to each other—we went on safely enough, as far as not falling down any of the steep rocks, but it was slow, dreary work. My brother, I saw, was more guided by Lassie and the way she took than any thing else, trusting to her instinct. It was too dark to see far before us; but he called her back continually, and noted from what quarter she returned, and shaped our slow steps accordingly. But the tedious motion scarcely kept my very blood from freezing. Every bone, every fibre in my body seemed first to ache, and then to swell, and then to turn numb with the intense cold. My brother bore it better than I, from having been more out upon the hills. He did not speak, except to call Lassie. I strove to be brave, and not complain; but now I felt the deadly fatal sleep stealing over me.

"I can go no farther," I said, in a drowsy tone. I remember I suddenly became dogged and resolved. Sleep I would, were it only for five minutes. If death were to be the consequence, sleep I would. Gregory stood still.

"It is of no use," said he, as if to himself. "We are no nearer home than we were when we started, as far as I can tell. Our only chance is in Lassie. Here! roll thee in my maud, lad, and lay thee down on this sheltered side of this bit of rock. Creep close under it, lad, and I'll lie by thee, and strive to keep the warmth in us. Stay! hast gotten aught about thee they'll know at home?"

I felt him unkind thus to keep me from slumber, but on his repeating the question, I pulled out my pocket-handherchief, of some showy pattern, which Aunt Fanny had hemmed for me; Gregory took it and tied it round Lassie's neck.

"Hie thee, Lassie, hie thee home!" And the white-faced, ill-favored brute was off like a shot in the darkness. Now I might lie down—now I might sleep. In my drowsy stupor I felt that I was being tenderly covered up by my brother; but what with I neither knew nor cared; I was too dull, too selfish, too numb to think and reason, or I might have known that in that bleak bare place there was naught to wrap me in save what was taken off another. I was glad enough when he ceased his cares and lay down by me. I took his hand.

"Thou canst not remember, lad, how we lay together thus by our dying mother. She put thy small, wee hand in mine—I reckon she sees us now; and belike we shall soon be with her. Anyhow, God's will be done."

"Dear Gregory," I muttered, and crept nearer to him for warmth. He was talking still, and again about our mother, when I fell asleep. In an instant—or so it seemed—there were many voices about me—many faces hovering round me—the sweet luxury of warmth was stealing into every part of me. I was in my own bed at home. I am thankful to say, my first word was "Gregory?"

A look passed from one to another—my father's stern old face strove in vain to keep its sternness, his mouth quivered, his eyes filled slowly with unwonted tears.

"I would have given him half my land—I would have blessed him as my son—oh God! I would have knelt at his feet, and asked him to forgive my hardness of heart."

I heard no more. A whirl came through my brain, catching me back to death.

I came slowly to my consciousness weeks afterward. My father's hair was white when I recovered, and his hands shook as he looked into my face.

We spoke no more of Gregory. We could not speak of him; but he was strangely in our thoughts. Lassie came and went with never a word of blame; nay, my father would try to stroke her, but she shrank away; and he, as if reproved by the poor dumb beast, would sigh, and be silent and abstracted for a time.

Aunt Fanny—always a talker—told me all. How, on that fatal night, my father, irritated by my prolonged absence, and probably more anxious than he cared to show, had been fierce and imperious, even beyond his wont, to Gregory: had upbraided him with his father's poverty, his own stupidity which made his services good for nothing—for so, in spite of the old shepherd, my father always chose to consider them. At last, Gregory had risen up, and whistled Lassie out with him—poor Lassie, crouching underneath his chair for fear of a kick or a blow. Some time before there had been some talk between my father and my aunt respecting my return; and when Aunt Fanny told me all this, she said she fancied that Gregory might have noticed the coming storm and gone out silently to meet me. Three hours afterward, when all were running about in wild alarm, not knowing whither to go in search of me—not even missing Gregory, or heeding his absence, poor fellow—poor, poor fellow!—Lassie came home with my handkerchief tied round her neck. They knew and understood, and the whole strength of the farm was turned out to follow her, with wraps, and blankets, and brandy, and every thing that could be thought of. I lay in chilly sleep, but still alive, beneath the rock that Lassie guided them to. I was covered over with my brother's plaid, and his thick shepherd's coat was carefully wrapped round my feet. He was in his shirt-sleeves—his arm thrown over me—a quiet smile (he had hardly ever smiled in life) upon his still, cold face.

My father's last words were, "God forgive me my hardness of heart toward the fatherless child!"

And what marked the depth of his feeling of repentance perhaps more than all, considering the passionate love he bore my mother, was this—we found a paper of directions after his death, in which he desired that he might lie at the foot of the grave, in which, by his desire, poor Gregory had been laid with OUR MOTHER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUR GOOD HEALTH, SIR!

When there was a report that Mr. Savory Gray was coming to Delafield to establish a school for boys, Christopher Burt, Esquire, the richest resident in that village—a venerable man, who had not only come down from a former generation, but had brought with him a great deal of treasure which his father, a gentleman of that generation, had left him—Burt, Senior, having been originally a small grocer, was developed by the Revolutionary war and its necessities into a great contractor of provisions, as April's tadpole becomes, under propitious circumstances, the plethoric bull-frog of June evenings, whose boomerang is an instrument of melody, and not of war—Christopher Burt, Esquire, was naturally interested. For he was not only the richest proprietor, but he had a grand-daughter of tender years, to whom the gentle reader has been already introduced.

It was Dr. Peewee who went to communicate the news when he heard it—for there was no barber in the village, and, as will happen in small communities, men must take turns at each other's business.

"H'm, ha!" said the Doctor; "how are you to-day, Sir? H'm, ha! Pretty well? Yes; pretty well. You've hardly heard the news, Mr. Burt—eh? No; I suppose not—I suppose not—not heard the news—no."

For surely you will allow that when a man has been preaching for more than a score of

HOSEA WUMLEY AND HIS MARM.

years without any stock of ideas, he may express himself, as it were, with words and water in his daily walk.

"I have not heard any news, Dr. Peewee."

"No, Sir; I suppose not—I suppose not. H'm, ha! not heard the news? No; not heard the news."

"What the deuce is the news?" asked Mr. Burt, rather suddenly; for, although very pompous, he was also very impatient, and fretted fearfully under Doctor Peewee's manner.

"Well, Mr. Burt, a retired merchant from town—h'm, ha! yes—retired—unfortunate merchant—means to open a school here. Yes; means to open a school—unfortunate merchant? Yes, unfortunate—h'm, ha!—and establishes a school in Delafield."

"What's his name, Sir?"

"Gray, Sir, Gray. Pretty good name, Sir? Yes; pretty good name."

"A highly respectable name, Dr. Peewee. And a school for boys, or girls?" inquired Mr. Burt.

"H'm! boys, Mr. Burt—a school for boys? Yes—yes—yes."

Old Christopher Burt felt instantly like all the dragons that guarded the Hesperidean fruit rolled into one. He foresaw trouble without end; and as he was a faithful parishioner of Dr. Peewee's, and wanted to put down Trouble under his feet, as that worthy divine practiced in his preaching and his life, he absolutely felt a sudden twinge of the gout as he thought of his being unable to pursue the offenders who were about to try to rob his orchard. He rang the bell violently.

"Send Miss Hope to me!"

The servant disappeared, and in a few moments his grand-daughter entered the room. She has been in the garden reading, and dreaming, perhaps, as she lifted her eyes and they slid along the receding landscape. If you would like to know the book, you can easily see that it is Byron. It is lying out there upon the lawn, where she threw it when she was called. She is simply dressed; for, to Dr. Peewee's eyes, she seems only wrapped in a cloud of delicate muslin, made close around the throat, but in a manner, and worn with a grace, that show the girl's character. She stands in an *aura* of youth and bloom, with a natural loftiness of demeanor, a soft superiority—can it be the exquisite spring blossom of a quality which gradually hardens into the stiff, sharp thorn, haughtiness, in the late autumn?

Dr. Peewee's red nose glistens. It is the only way in which he betrays emotion. He smiles that watery, selfish smile.

"How do you, my dear? Yes—h'm, ha!—pretty well? Yes; pretty well."

"I am very well, Sir, thank you."

"Yes—yes; pretty well? Yes; pretty well."

"Did you want me, grandpa?"

"Yes, my dear. Mr. Gray, a respectable person, is coming here to set up a school. There will be a great many young men and boys. I shall never ask them to the house. I hate boys. My dear, I expect you to hate them too."

"Yes—yes, my dear," said Dr. Peewee; "hate the boys? Yes; we must hate the boys."

Hope Wayne looked at the two old gentlemen, and laughed a little as she answered,

"I don't think you need have warned me, grandpa; I'm not so apt to fall in love with boys."

"No, no, Hope; I know. Ever since you have lived with me—how long is it, my dear, since your mother died?"

"I don't know, grandpa; I never saw her," replied Hope, gravely.

"Yes, yes; well, ever since then you have been a good, quiet little girl with grandpapa. Here, Cossy; come and give grandpa a kiss. And mind the boys! No speaking, no looking—we are never to know them. You understand? Now go, dear."

She bowed to Dr. Peewee and vanished. She was almost a woman in years: she was both a girl and a woman in feeling. But to her grandfather she was his daughter's daughter, the veriest child among children. She vanished, and in a few minutes Hope Wayne was lost in Byron, learning, perhaps, from that cynic's portraits of Medora and Gulnare, how to hate the boys.

The object of the Doctor's visit being accomplished, he rose to go.

"Doctor," said Mr. Burt, as the other pushed back his chair, "it is a very warm day. Let me advise you to guard against any sudden debility or effect of the heat by a little cordial." As he spoke he led the way into the dining-room, and fumbled slowly over a bunch of keys which he drew from his pocket. Finding the proper key, he put it into the door of the sideboard. "In this sideboard, Doctor Peewee, I keep a bottle of old Jamaica, which was sent me by a former correspondent in the West Indies." As Dr. Peewee had heard the same remark at least fifty times before, we must attribute the kindly glistening of his nose to some other cause than excitement at this intelligence.

"I like to preserve my friendly relations with my old commercial friends," continued Mr. Burt, speaking very pompously, and slowly pouring from a half-empty decanter into a tumbler. "I rarely drink any thing myself—"

"H'm, ha!" grunted the Doctor.

"—except a glass of port at dinner. Yet, not to be impolite, Doctor, not to be impolite, I could not refuse to drink to your very good health and safe return to the bosom of your family."

And Mr. Burt drained the glass, quite unobservant of the fact that the Reverend Dr. Peewee was standing beside him without glass or old Jamaica. In truth Mr. Burt had previously been alarmed about the effect of the bottle of port—which he playfully and metaphorically called a glass—that he had drank at dinner, and to guard against evil results he had already, as he was accustomed to say with an excellent humor, been to the West Indies for his health.

"Bless my soul, Doctor, you haven't filled your glass! Permit me."

And the old gentleman poured into the one glass and then into the other.

"And now, Sir," he added, "now, Sir, let us drink to the health of Mr. Gray, but not of the boys, ha! ha!"

"No, no, not of the boys? No, not of the boys. Thank you, Sir, thank you. That is a pleasant liquor, Mr. Burt. H'm, ha! a very pleasant liquor. Good afternoon, Mr. Burt; a very good day, Sir. H'm, ha!"

And the Doctor marched out behind his nose, which glowed before him like an oriflamme.

CHAPTER VII.

NO USE.

"I wouldn't give a cent for a boy who hadn't been in love with a petticoat ever sence he was out o' one," said old Marm Wumley, who sold Mr. Gray's boys cakes and candy.

"Nor I nuther," chimed in her old husband, as he punched the tobacco in his pipe with his thumb. "Nor I nuther, granny. Only 'tain't no use."

"I see Hope Wayne to church last Sunday, and, oh me! I dunno whether all Mr. Gray's boys ain't in love with her. What a real pooty face it is! There's suth'n so sort o' interesting about it. I guess lots' them boys in love."

"Thinks likely," replied her gossip, as he sat at the window puffing a cloud into the peaceful summer air. "Likely's not, granny; only 'tain't no use!"

This last expression constituted Hosea Wumley's "platform." He brought every event in life to that. It was a cheerful despondency, a good-humored skepticism, or a lazy fatalism. It was the end of all discussion with him. Politics, religion, education, domestic affairs, whatever was in debate, all received the same quietus. The old Federal merchants in the era of good feeling, or earlier—for Hosea Wumley had seen the battle of Bunker Hill, had heard the Declaration of Independence read to the village by Dr. Peewee's predecessor from Dr. Peewee's pulpit, and had seen General Washington review the army under the elm at Cambridge—when they came driving out for an afternoon's airing through Delafield, would sometimes have a word with Hosea, who was as stanch a Federalist as the best of them. But the old man was calm during their most tremendous paroxysms of argument. The stiff merchants heating themselves, would begin gradually to hiss and sputter, until they quivered all over with rage as they denounced the degeneracy of the times, and sighed for the good old days, and the good old men, and the golden age in general, which people on the wrong side of sixty are very apt to locate (as Yankee Doodle says) on the right side of thirty.

The old Federal gentlemen lamented the departure of "the fathers," as if those fathers had never been sons; as if they had always been writing Declarations of Independence, and Constitutions, and Federalists, and had had no blithe sowing of wild oats; as if those powdered and pig-tailed gentlemen, all whose faces seem to have been smeared with a mixture of flour and claret wine to preserve them for our admiration, had always stood in Roman togas, leaning on fasces, and holding a gilt-lettered scroll!

There is our patriarchal old Franklin, for instance, with his benevolent breadth of countenance, the very type of a benign ancestor; our shrewd and thrifty Poor Richard; our sagacious Benjamin *qui eripuit*, et cetera. The sound of that Latin word is suggestive. Was Turgot a solemn wag with his epitaphs? Good old Dr. Franklin stands on a very high pedestal indeed. Mellifluous orators exhort the youth of the land to note his example. Will any orator who makes the request edit a complete edition of the old gentleman's letters? Letters, for instance, in which he gives particular advice to a youth of his day intending to reside for a season in Paris, for the purpose of metaphorically eating frogs in that metropolis? Probably not. Probably the interests of youthful morals require that Clio should burn those letters. The good Doctor must be presented to our admiration in full court-suit of morality, with the cocked hat of frugality in one hand, and the venerable staff of temperance in the other.

Well, there are children who believe that the king always wears a crown upon his head, and carries a sceptre in one hand and a ball in the other.

There are children who do not know that Justice has removed the bandages from her eyes in our great metropolis.

There may be children who suppose that Dr. Franklin and the other fathers enjoyed no cakes and ale. *Pax illiscum!*

So as the old gentlemen drew up in their summer afternoon airing, and aroused the echoes of quiet Delafield with the fury of forgotten wrath—

"Jes so," replied Hosea, as they took breath and panted, and doubly slew the slain, while he placidly puffed and his hands, deeply buried, jingled the change in his trowsers' pockets, "jes what I say, jes what I tell the old woman. But you may fire away at them darned old gun-boats and the rest on't till ye git a stomach-ache; only 'tain't no use."

So with the minister. Dr. Peewee came once a year to make his parochial visit. He always happened in during the day, when Marm Wumley's little shop was open, and seated himself near a box of almond-candy, from which he could conveniently help himself as the conversation went on.

GRANDFATHER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER.

"Here a little, and there a little, Mrs. Wumley," he was wont to say, as he gathered up some of the candy crumbs and slipped them into his mouth; "line upon line and precept upon precept—that is the way great works and little works are accomplished in this world. You, Mrs. Wumley, and Mr. Burt, obey the same great law. He was a large merchant—you are a small one—and—and—and—we see the results."

Hosea smoked during these pastoral remarks. But when Dr. Peewee turned toward him, and, with a thin smile, said:

"I hope you liked my sermon on lying last Sunday morning, Mr. Wumley." Hosea answered from the cloud:

"You may preach against lying's much as ever you choose, Dr. Peewee, only 'tain't no use."

Marm Wumley fared no better. Whenever there was disorder in the household—the milk was sour, or the bread was heavy, or the meat was burned—in vain she complained to her husband—in vain she poured out a volley of loud, rattling talk, or threw out sharp adjectives, like hand-grenades: the philosopher only replied,

"That's it, granny. Scold's much yer please if it makes yer feel better. Likely's not an old woman's better for scolding, only 'tain't no use."

And now when his attention was called to the springing and sprouting of tender affections in young hearts, the sturdy old spectator of seventy autumns made the same cheerful, the same doleful, response.

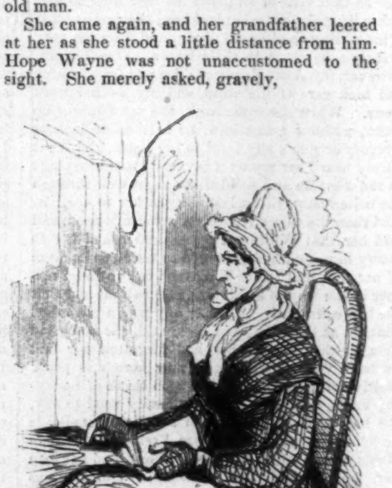
CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT PINEWOOD.

Mr. Christopher Burt tarried somewhat longer at the sideboard, and made little trips to the West Indies, until his faithful man Hiram, who always cruised in the neighborhood, took him in charge and brought him into the safe harbor of his large easy-chair.

"Send Miss Hope to me, Hi'am!" said the old man.

She came again, and her grandfather leered at her as she stood a little distance from him. Hope Wayne was not unaccustomed to the sight. She merely asked, gravely,



MRS. SIMCOE, MA'AM.

"Did you want me, Sir."

"Come here, Hopey! Cossy, come to grandpa!"

She approached, but not so near that he could reach her.

"What is it, grandpa?"

"Here! here!"

"No, grandfather, I am near enough," she said, quietly, and with intense, unconscious sadness.

"What! you disobedient chit! Come here this instant."

The old man spoke furiously, but thickly, and his eyes gleamed with sullen red light. He moved forward, but did not attempt to rise. He was too wise for that. "Come here, I say!"

"No, grandfather, I am very well here. What did you wish to say?"

The old man looked at her a moment, as she stood firmly before him. The expression of anger gradually changed into one of maudlin helplessness.

"Come and love the old grandpa, Cossy! Won't Hopey love her old grandpa?"

"I think I had better go now, grandfather," said Hope, with a sigh. And she turned toward the door.

"Oh! no, no. Don't leave me!" cried the maudlin old man, and he burst into tears, and held out his hands imploringly.

The young girl stopped. This was her only parent. This was the father of her mother. She turned again and seated herself at a little distance from the old man.

"That's a good sissy," said he, in a way that sounded like "zasergoodzissy." It seemed as if he had something to say. He cleared his throat and articulated a few words, but so thickly that Hope could not understand them. Sleep was evidently overpowering him. His lids drooped heavily. He struggled feebly to keep his eyes open. In vain. There was a foolish staring and muttering, then the white head dropped.

This was the father of her mother! This was her protector and friend! Silenus in the parlor, Byron on the lawn——?

Of course there was a woman in the house—a kind of nurse, or upper-servant, or governess—one of the melancholy dummies in the game of life. Mrs. Simcoe was her name. Whose Mrs., or what Simcoe, it never entered the mind of Hope to inquire. An old woman, in an old farm-house, sitting in an old high-backed chair, and knitting by the fire, is made so, probably. There is scarcely a boy in the barn-yard or a girl in the kitchen who suspects for a moment she was ever any thing else than an old woman knitting in a high-backed chair.

Mrs. Simcoe looked as if she had always been Mrs. Simcoe—or as if, at any rate, it was worth nobody's while to accost her with a view to biographical details of her earlier years. The table on which you write was part of a tree once. Heavens! how merrily it swung in the great March winds, in the wild December storms! How it bloomed in May and reddened in October, and was as sensitive and responsive to the touch of light and breeze as a girl's cheek to her lover's look and whisper! Would you believe it? Steady old table, it holds your dinner, your books, your coffin—but it tells no tales.

Mrs. Simcoe's face was inscrutable—it was almost blank; not blank, indeed, like paper, but only like the cover of a book. That cover says nothing—brown, russet, green, what you will—'tis only smooth leather. But ah! what quick pages may it not cover! Passionate songs—a romance—a history—a scandalous memoir—a Bible!

Mrs. Simcoe was Mr. Burt's house-keeper. So far as any body could say, Mrs. Burt died at a period of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. There were traditions of other house-keepers. But since the death of Hope's mother Mrs. Simcoe was the only incumbent. She had been Mrs. Wayne's nurse in her last moments. She had rocked the little Hope to sleep the night after her mother's burial. Mr. Burt always treated her with a kind of stately condescension. Of course nobody could live long in Delafield without knowing that there was some sort of secret about Pinewood, as old Burt's place was called. And it was clear enough that Mrs. Simcoe knew all about it.

"About IT! Great Heavens! what is IT?" moaned all the village gossips.

There is many an old piece of family furniture—a table, a chest of drawers—which lies lumbering in the garrets of prosperous people, perfectly familiar to every generation, and to every member of each generation in the family. It is passed on from father to son, from mother to daughter. The curious visitor is amused if he chances to see it. "Quaint, that!" says Curious Visitor. "Yes—an old heir-loom. Homely enough. But it fits out the servants' rooms," replies the Family. Yes; very old, very quaint, very homely; but it has a drawer that was never seen by living mortal, and when the spring is touched it flies open as nimbly as your eye, and there lies a little paper which, had it only been known and read by those who are gone now, and who fought bitterly all their lives, they would have loved, and not hated: they would have understood, and not been blind with ignorance; and the rivers of lives that straggled separately through barren sands to the sea, would have flowed together harmonious between flowery banks of green.

It was Mrs. Simcoe's duty to oversee the Burt household in general, and particularly to attend to Miss Hope Wayne. She was responsible for her manners, and morals, and toilet. It is to be presumed that at some period Mrs. Simcoe, whom Mr. Burt always addressed in the same manner as "Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am," had received a general injunction of instruction to the effect that "My grand-daughter, Miss Wayne—Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am—will marry a gentleman of wealth and position; and I expect her to be fitted to preside over his household. Yes, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am."

The chances are that the lady bowed her head and said nothing; for people of her kind seem to have early made the discovery that words may be put into Hosea Wumley's category, and "ain't no use." She was always tidy, erect, imperturbable. She pervaded the house; and her eye was upon a table-cloth, a pane of glass, or a carpet, almost as soon as the spot which arrested it. House-keeper nascitur non fit. She was so silent and so shadowy that the whole house sympathized with her, until it became extremely uncomfortable to the servants, who constantly went away; and a story that the house was haunted became immensely popular and credible the moment it was told.

There had been no visiting at Pinewood for a long time, because of the want of a mistress and of the unsocial habits of Mr. Burt. But the neighboring ladies were just beginning to call upon Miss Wayne. When she returned the visits Mrs. Simcoe accompanied her in the carriage, and sat there while Miss Wayne performed the parlor ceremony. Then they drove home. Mr. Burt dined at two, and Miss Hope sat opposite her grandfather at table; Hiram waited. Mrs. Simcoe dined alone in her room. There, too, she sat alone in the long summer afternoons, when the work of the house was over for the day. She held a book by the open window, or gazed for a very long time out upon the landscape. There were pine-trees near her window; but beyond she could see green meadows, and blue hills, and a glittering river, and rounded reaches of woods. She watched the clouds; or, at least, looked at the sky. She heard the birds in spring days; and the dry hot locusts on sultry afternoons. And she looked with the same unchanging eyes upon the worms that swung themselves on filaments and ate the leaves and ruined the trees, or upon the autumnal hectic that Death painted upon the leaves that escaped the worms.

Sometimes on these still, warm afternoons her lips parted, and she seemed to be musing rather than singing. It was a very grave, quiet performance. There was none of the gush and warmth of song, although the words she uttered were always those of the hymns of Charles Wesley, those passionate, religious songs of the New Jerusalem. For Mrs. Simcoe was a Methodist. Indeed, with Methodist hymns she had sung Hope to sleep in the days when she was a baby; so that Hope often listened to the music in church with a heart full of vague feelings and dim, inexplicable memories, not knowing that she was hearing, though with different words, the strains that her nurse had whispered over her crib in the hymns of Wesley.

On a certain afternoon Mrs. Simcoe was sitting at her window, which looked over the lawn on which Hope usually lay. It was already toward sunset, and the golden light streamed upon the landscape so gorgeously that it seemed the visible benediction of an infinite tenderness. A few rosy clouds lay in long, tranquil lines across the west, and the great trees bathed in the sweet air with conscious pleasure.

Mrs. Simcoe's face was turned toward the sunset with the usual calm, impassive look. But she seemed to be even leaning a little out of the window as she sang softly,

> "O that I now the rest might know,
> Believe, and enter in:
> Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
> And let me cease from sin.
>
> "Remove this hardness from my heart,
> This unbelief remove:
> To me the rest of faith impart—
> The Sabbath of thy love."

The words were yet murmuring on her lips when she heard a low knock at the door.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Politics and the Weather—Concert at Madame Duchatel's—American Ladies present—Great number of Americans in Paris—How the American Ladies, when they go Abroad, leave their Blankets at Home—Don Giovanni at les Italiens—Concert at the Crystal Palace—Bishop Delancey—The Sickles Tragedy—The Author of the Anonymous Letter—Les Reves d'Amour—Parisian Theatre-goers, etc., etc.

PARIS, *March* 24, 1859.

THE change in the weather, which I dreaded last week, has lost no time in coming upon us. Since the 21st it has been bitterly cold and stormy; open carriages are no longer to be seen; muffs have taken the place of parasols, and "we shall have no apricots" is announced from the environs of Paris, the delicate blossom of that fruit being the first to be cut off by the unwelcome frost. To compensate for this gloomy aspect of the natural world the political horizon seems clearing a little, and the wishes of the lovers of peace appear more hopeful, and there is certainly reason to believe that there is a pause in the intentions and preparations which lead to war. Let us pray that it may be so; for the sake of humanity one must dread the lighting up of such a conflagration.

I have done nothing for a week—and I should think few persons in Paris could have done much else—than go to concerts and listen to music. In whatever social gathering one finds one's self, however small, there is a piano prepared, and up starts a performer, who must be heard and applauded; not to mention the incessant public concerts for charities and the concerts in private houses. Fond as I am of music, I acknowledge to a surfeit of it in this season of Lent. On Friday there was a concert of "Ancient Music," by the artists of the Conservatoire, in the beautiful salons of Madame D——l. The rooms where it could be heard were soon filled, and, as the company was numerous, so were the other salons; and there, people having nothing else to do, talked away to their utmost, which vexed the performers and disturbed the listeners—but it was a charming party for all that; the ladies in grandissima toilet, because they knew the rooms were large and well lighted, and would show them off; and then it is the fashion to be particularly well dressed for Madame D——l. There is a pleasing variety of society to be met with in her salons; as, from the official position of Monsieur Duchatel under Louis Philippe, when he was Minister of the Interior, and it being now considered that he represents the party of "the Fusion," as it is called (which is that of a union of the interests of the two branches of the House of Bourbon), there are many Legitimists to be seen here; and indeed all shades of parties, excepting, perhaps, Imperialism pure.

There were several American ladies present, always distinguished, I think, by good taste in dress; and if not by positive beauty, at least by a grace, and delicacy, and refinement of demeanor and appearance which almost equals it in attraction. Indeed, from the great number of American ladies who have been carried off and married, first and last, by foreigners, one can not enter a drawing-room in Paris without finding one's self with country women or their descendants.

I dined last week in a French family, which had not of itself any connection with America, but where, of the eighteen persons at table, three were Yankees born and bred, and four others had had American grandmothers (not the same). I noticed this, because I was amused with a conversation between my next neighbor, a lively American lady, and a Frenchman who had taken her into dinner, and who, having been born in England during "the emigration," spoke English with remarkable facility, and who had boasted to this lady (Mrs. O——t) of his ability *instantly* to detect, from his long intercourse with the world, the nationality of any individual whom he met. After this I do not know what turn the conversation took, until my attention was attracted by Mrs. O——t saying to me:

"Come to the support of my veracity, Mr. ——. Here is the Count who will not believe me when I say there are two American ladies at table, and that they present the same 'type;' and which is so marked and characteristic that any one who knew it would, in coming in here, point out those two ladies at once as Americans."

I confirmed this assertion, at which the Count seemed not a little astonished; and after looking around with a baffled air, said, in French:

"I acknowledge I do not see any one here sufficiently wild and extraordinary to come up to my idea of an American."

Mrs. O——t replied, in the same language:

"Not if you expected, as I suppose from your remark, to see them of the color and dressed like the Hurons and Iroquois in Cooper's novels; for the ladies in question left *their blankets* when they came to France, and have been long enough in Paris to learn how to dress at least!"

And she might well say this, being one of the two herself, and nothing could be prettier or more elegant than her own toilet; but the Count was quite mystified, and though I saw him after dinner evidently trying to enlighten himself as to which were "les Americaines," yet the French custom at dinner parties of separating after coffee is served gave him so little time for his investigations that I believe he went away in his ignorance.

But it is true what the remark of Mrs. O——t suggested, that the reading portion of the French have derived their ideas of American manners and civilization from the novels of Cooper, which are extremely popular, and much read among them. As for those who do not read, they have no idea at all about us but that we have conveniently-long purses, are willing to be imposed upon, and are accomplished in languages, as we speak both *English* and French so well.

I went on Saturday to the Italian Opera, as I often do, and heard Don Giovanni. But what a falling off there is there in artistic talent! Of the old favorites Mario alone retains some power, and one feels that he is on the decline. I remember the later glories of Rubini, and the brightest days of Mario, Grisi, Lablache, and Tamburini, and the change is sad; but even with all these drawbacks, Italian music is always the greatest enjoyment of its kind, and what most lifts one out of the hard realities of life—and Mozart's music particularly addresses itself to the ideal within us. After Verdi's, it is like reading Shelley's poetry after Scott and Moore.

There was a monster concert on Sunday at the Crystal Palace, of the Orpheonists—six thousand children from all parts of France—and the Emperor, and Empress, and the Princes to hear them.

I was not there, as I was listening to an admirable sermon preached in the English chapel by Bishop Delancy of New York. Years have passed since I saw an American bishop before—not, perhaps, since I received the rite of confirmation; and though I did not know this to be one, yet the first tones of the voice in pronouncing the absolution persuaded me of it. I do not mean that there was any national accent, but the recognition was produced by some of those unexplained links of association which are so strange and so powerful.

The fearful tragedy of guilt and woe which you have had at Washington has excited much attention in this country as well as in England. If it is true, as it is said, that the unhappy heroine of it is an Italian, that circumstance is a striking illustration of the evils of those marriages between individuals of different countries, and of consequently different sentiments, ideas, and habits, which I have so often deprecated in these letters. "Marry not with the stranger," it seems to me, would have been an injunction more to the purpose than those mysterious warnings against marriages in the forbidden degrees of relationship which used to be put in the Bible at the end of the Old Testament, and where a man is particularly requested "not to marry his grandmother"—a temptation not likely to assail him. But to recur to this sad history. The prompt punishment of the seducer seems here to be considered a proceeding of *awful* lawlessness! I say it was the writer of the anonymous letter who is the real murderer, and who has incurred the guilt thereof. I think, too, an Englishman thus wronged and aroused would have been likely, in the first instance, to have killed the wretched wife. That Mr. Sickles did not do so, is a proof of the sacred, tender feeling which it is the American impulse to throw around the helplessness of women even when most erring.

But that denouncer! What must be his or her feelings now, when contemplating "the ruin he has wrought!" Alas! I think I have as deep a hatred of sin and wrong as any other mortal; but if I had taken upon myself to betray all the poor sinners who have fallen into my power, I should have almost turned the world upside down. Some have lived to repent, and the others are best left to the mercy of God. This daring to arouse human passions, of which no one can foresee the consequences, under the shelter of an incognito, seems to me a tremendous responsibility to be incurred by any human being.

To relieve myself from music, I went last night to the "Français" and saw a new piece, "Les Reves d'Amour," which is amusing, and so admirably acted that one excuses any little extravagance or inconsistency in the plot in the pleasure of the *ensemble*. Part of the pleasure at a French theatre is to witness the extreme enjoyment, the fullness of delight of the audience. So essential is this amusement considered to happiness that formerly, in the marriage-contract of the French bourgeois, it was stipulated how many times in the year he should indulge his wife in going to the theatre. This may be so still for aught I know, for when one remembers the number of places of amusement there are in Paris, and that they are night after night crowded to the roof with spectators, one is indeed astonished at this indication of the national character.

What matters it to them what form of government prevails in the land, or whether king or kaiser reigns over them, if they are left the liberty of going to the theatre, and for a time forgetting their daily toil and, perhaps, sordid homes in the interest excited by fictitious distress—for the French are particularly *tearful*—or the laughter due to their inimitable comic actors? I find pleasure in the thought that they can thus be solaced under adverse circumstances, and relieved from that pressure of care which sends the English race too often to the dram-shop or to the degrading excitements of bad company. Better than this—though our Puritan ancestors deemed otherwise—is, I think, the play-house enjoyed with one's wife and family. *Au revoir*, I trust, with sunshine next week.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE WHEAT CROP.

NEW YORK.—The wheat fields are said to be looking well throughout the interior of the State.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Manheim *Sentinel* says that the crop throughout the country presents a fine and promising appearance. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* says: "So far as we have heard, the wheat in this section looks remarkably well."

MARYLAND.—The Leonardstown *Beacon* informs us that the crop in St. Mary's County is far advanced and looks well, with the exception of that on low lands. The accounts from Frederick County are also good. The growth in some cases is said by the farmers to be too luxuriant. The Kent *News* speaks of good prospects.

VIRGINIA.—The accounts from this State are both encouraging and discouraging. The Norfolk *Argus* gives bad news from Washington County. The rust is likely to injure the crop much, and especially as it has appeared one month earlier this year than usual. The Charlestown (Jefferson County) *Spirit of Jefferson* says that in a few instances the crop has been winter-killed, but that generally the fields are arrayed in "living green."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The Washington *Star* of the 1st inst. says that the wheat in that region is recovering rapidly from the effects of the drowning-out process to which it has so frequently been subjected since the winter set in—that is to say, that portion of it not winter-killed. We have scarcely seen a field this spring not more or less injured from being winter-killed—many to the extent of two-thirds of all that vegetated in the fall. That proportion, however, is far too great for the average winter-killed, which is not more than a fourth at most.

INDIANA.—The Evansville *Journal* says that its exchanges from all parts of the State have most cheering news in relation to the prospects of the Wheat crop. The Lafayette *Courier* says that the crop in its district promises well.

ILLINOIS.—The Chicago *Press and Tribune* says: "We learn that the prospect of the growing wheat crop has materially improved in Central and Southern Illinois, and the farmers in those portions of the State are now encouraged to expect a fair average crop. It was supposed that most of the fall sowing had been effectually winter-killed; but the prevalence of warm, moist weather has infused new life into the young plants, and many fields that were supposed to be utterly ruined now give signs of vitality truly refreshing and encouraging. This is especially the case in the timbered regions; but even on her prairies there is a marked change in the appearance of the wheat fields, and, unless there should be a return of hard freezing weather, fair crops will be grown where only a few days since nothing was expected." The Peoria *Transcript* says: "We have encouraging accounts of the wheat crop from most of the counties around. A gentleman from Knox County informs us that the wheat looks well throughout that section, and much of it better than at this season in former years. Another person from Woodford County brings us the same flattering intelligence from that portion of the country. A man who traveled through six counties in Central Illinois reports to the Chicago *Tribune* that winter wheat promises to make a fine crop, and that the farmers feel greatly encouraged at the prospect. The Carlinville *Democrat* says of the wheat in that portion of the State (near the capital) that the crop will be little short of an average crop, although the breadth of wheat sown last fall was much less than usual. The Chicago

merchants are charmed with the tidings that every day reach them."

MICHIGAN.—A gentleman who has been travelling through Cass, Berrien, Van Buren, Kalamazoo, and Calhoun Counties, writes to the New York *Herald* that he has never seen the wheat in a more flourishing condition at this season of the year than in these different localities, and he is informed by gentlemen who visited other portions of southern Michigan, that its appearance is equally flattering. It is thought that a larger number of acres were sown last fall under wheat in Michigan than usual. The Lapeer *Republican* says: "Wheat in this county shows a vigorous and unprecedented growth. Although reports have gone forth that it is generally winter-killed, yet such is not the case in Lapeer. On the contrary, much satisfaction is expressed at the start it has already made, and hopes are entertained of a growth never before surpassed. Good farmers and judges say a bountiful harvest is certain, should the weather prove auspicious." The Jonesville (Hillsdale County) *Independent* adds: "The wheat crop every where bears a good appearance. It looks far better than it did a year ago this time."

MISSISSIPPI.—Many farmers, from different parts of the county, informed the Greensborough (Choctaw County) *Recorder* that the wheat crop looks almost too well.

KENTUCKY.—There are good accounts from this State.

MISSOURI and KANSAS.—A letter to the New York *Herald* from Holt County, Missouri, reports favorably of the crop in that section and the "eastern borders of Kansas." In Madison, Iron, St. Frances, Washington, and Wayne Counties, Missouri, the wheat is six inches high, thickly set on the ground, of a dark strong color, and in every respect looks as well as it ordinarily does at the close of April. Without some extreme and unexpected backset, the crop in southeast Missouri will turn out one-third larger than its annual yield. In Ripley, Shannon, Butler, and some other counties heard from, the prospect is described as even better than the counties first named.

TENNESSEE.—From many parts of this State there is good news. The editor of the Cookeville (Putnam County) *Times* says: "During our visit to Roane County week before last, and also the present week to Overton, on the head waters of the West Fork, we observed that the wheat crop looks promising, the fields being quite green. Similar reports continue to be received from all parts of Tennessee."

LOUISIANA.—The Cape Girardeau *Eagle* says that in almost every locality the promise is usually fair. Should no unseen disaster happen, the next crop will be one of the heaviest on record; at least in the Mississippi Valley. The Claiborne *Advocate* learns that the wheat crop of that parish promises a bountiful harvest. The stalk is now nearly waist high, looks fine, and in some cases the heads are fully grown.

WISCONSIN.—There are more acres this year in this State under wheat than usual, and the crop thus far is reported to be very good.

IOWA AND MINNESOTA.—The reports are equally good as that from Wisconsin.

TEXAS.—The crop is said to be "uncommonly promising."

GEORGIA.—The crop looks well, but wet weather has interfered with the progress of farm work.

It is very cheering that thus far the prospects of the wheat crop are so good.

ESTIMATED PRODUCT OF THE DIFFERENT STATES.

States.	Estimated Product. 1858.	Estimated Product. 1859.	Herald Estimate. 1859
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
New York.....	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pennsylvania..	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia	[illegible]	18,500,000	[illegible]
Kentucky	10,000,000	8,500,000	12,000,000
Ohio...........	25,000,000	[illegible]	27,000,000
Indiana........	15,000,000	[illegible]	20,000,000
Illinois	[illegible]	[illegible]	18,000,000
Other States....	50,000,000	42,000,000	65,000,000
Total......	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

We sincerely hope the *Herald* estimate may be realized. Our expectations, however, should not be too sanguine, lest any of the numerous diseases and insects to which the wheat plant is subject should yet blast the hopes of the husbandman.

In parts of England, a month ago, the crops were looking almost too luxuriant. There were seasons when, in the month of February, many English farmers had to mow their wheat to check its growth. We read of one who, the whole month of February in the year 1827, pastured twenty head of horned cattle on a twenty-seven-acre field of wheat, which was so high as to be lopping. They fed on the blade, without injuring the stem as sheep would do, and blades again shot from the stem instead of from the stalk. This season there seems to have been no necessity for pasturing or mowing wheat, but all accounts agree as to the favorable prospects of the crop.

There was in England, a month ago, a flatness in the wheat trade, because of a heavy home stock on hand—and the imports had been more than ever known. Prices had fallen during the month from one shilling to two shillings per quarter. It is generally supposed that the prices will not be lower, inasmuch as the idea prevails that the whole of the last crop of the American continent will be barely sufficient for home consumption. Owing to fluctuations in the market and speculation thereon, a few shipments were made to the United States and Canada, the principal objection to which was the high rate of freight by steamers to Portland occasioned by heavy shipments of manufactured goods. Although the last wheat crop of England was so large, the importation of grain was larger than that of any year except 1847. France, instead of wanting supplies, has been exporting freely; and this fact, with other causes named, so lowered prices in the English market that they were less than any yearly average during the century, except 1835 and 1851. It is supposed that growers in England have on hand six months' consumption beyond that required till harvest-time.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Circuit Court was in session at Springfield, Illinois. Mrs. Anderson was on trial (as so many women are) for poisoning her husband, and her nephew, Theodore Anderson, was also charged with being an accessory to the murder. The prisoner Theodore Anderson sat on the right of his aunt, and Mr. R——, a young lawyer just from Ohio, sat on the left. The trial occupied several days, and eminent counsel were employed on both sides. Prominent among the lawyers engaged for the defense was General Linder, who was to make the closing plea. He opened his argument by reading the divine law against murder, and by quoting the best authors on common law on the same subject. As he proceeded he waxed eloquent, and the counsel for the State manifested signs of uneasiness. His arguments were good, and the summing up of the testimony was done in an admirable manner. But the strongest points in his argument were yet to come.

"I wish, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "to convince you of the guilt of this young man, by his personal appearance to-day. Look at him," said he, pointing all the time to *the young lawyer* from Ohio; "look at him, and you will see the countenance of a hardened villain. He has the hang-dog look about him which *no one can mistake.* There is the villain who is accessory to the murder of his own uncle!"

All eyes were turned to R——, who was chained to his seat in mute astonishment. As soon as he could recover himself, however, he jumped to his feet, exclaiming,

"General L., you have mistaken your man! I am not the prisoner. I am employed on the prosecution."

The scene that followed can not be described. Judge, jury, and spectators burst—and, we may add, General Linder's argument burst too; for he closed it very soon—and the jury, after being out a short time, returned a verdict of *Not Guilty.*

R—— is frequently joked for his "hang-dog look."

"Why is a lawyer the worst sleeper in the world?"—"Because he first *lies* on one side, then he lies on the *other*, and he is *wide* awake all the time!"

If all the fools and knaves were black, what a very sombre-looking world this would be!

The Pretender to the Crown—A lady's bonnet.

Why is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C.

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performances at one of the theatres, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him alone," said Hood, who was in the pit; "he's a tailor, and *resting himself!*" He immediately slunk down.

SILENT WITNESSES.—Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed upon his profession, once said, "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, Doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales."

Corvisart, a physician of celebrity, during the early portion of this century, was lamenting to the Abbé Sykes the death of Dr. Backer. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical aid he died," said he, "for in the last days of his illness we—Halle, Portal, and myself—did not quit him for a single instant." "Alas!" interrupted the witty Abbé, "what could he do against three of you?"

MARRIAGE TEARS.—Recently at a marriage in Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears; whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six-foot fellow, following the example, blubbered like a calf, and on being remonstrated with, roared out: "Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does."

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—You may be better than others, but that doesn't mean to say that you are worth much.

AFFECTATION.—The natural made unnatural. The Caricature of Nature.

A DOUBLE MERIT.—There are some men who are equally idle in doing themselves any good as in doing any good to others.

A SAFE CONCLUSION.—When two women quarrel, you may be sure that one of them is in error at least.

ANECDOTE OF BROUGHAM.—There is an anecdote circulated anent Lord Brougham, that he was met leaving the House by a brother Peer, who had two very beautiful girls on his arms. "Sorry to see you leaving," was the remark, "as these young ladies came expressly to hear you speak." Lord Brougham, as a *preux chevalier* of the old school, declared that they should not be disappointed, returned to the House, and, asking some question on foreign politics, was smiled off by Lord Melbourne, who was unprepared; whereupon was delivered one of his Lordship's most memorable philippics, that shook the very foundation of the Ministry.

At one time the question whether the military salute should be given to a Protestant bishop in Canada was referred to the then Commander-in-chief, the Duke of Wellington, and his Grace replied that the soldiers were to pay no attention to any thing about the prelate *but his sermons.*

"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband one day. "How so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

Somebody says, "A wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without sauce."

EPIGRAM.

"What recompense, my lady wife,
For all my faults can I bestow you?
I own I've lived a rakish life—
A thousand debts of love I owe you."
"Pay one, my lord—'tis all I mind."
"Name it, thou dear, forgiving creature."
"Only, my lord, you'll be so kind
Speedy to pay the—DEBT OF NATURE!"

A KISS IN THE DARK.—Holcroft, the well-known dramatist, supped one evening at Opie's. After the cloth had been removed, numerous stories were told, among which was one of a gentleman who, having put out his candle on going to bed, read in phosphorescent characters on the wall, "Confess thy sins." The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess his sins aloud—not from terror, however, for, aware it was a trick to terrify him, devised by a certain waggish young lady in the house, and hearing a little bustle on the stairhead, he guessed rightly that she and her comrades were there to enjoy his discomfiture. He confessed, as the last and greatest of his sins, that "he had kissed Miss —— frequently in the dark," and so turned the tables on his tormentor with a vengeance—a lesson she never forgot.

ANECDOTES OF LORD NORTH.

His good humor and readiness were of admirable service to him when the invectives of his opponents would have discomfited a more serious minister. He often indulged in a real or seeming slumber. An opponent, in the midst of an invective, exclaimed,

"Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep."

"I wish to God I was," rejoined Lord North.

Alderman Sawbridge, having accompanied the presentation of a petition from Billingsgate with accusations of more than ordinary virulence, Lord North began his reply in the following words:

"I can not deny that the honorable Alderman speaks not only the sentiments, but the very language of his constituents."

A CHINESE THEATRE.—About nine o'clock we all drove down, in various traps, to the theatre. It was an enormous tent, as big as the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, and made entirely of bamboos and matting, very light and very strong. The people sat round the sides, and the "swells" in the area and pit in comfortable cane chairs. The stage was lighted by pots of shreds in oil, such as they clean engines with; and the orchestra sat at the back of and on it. There was a large Chinese scroll at the back, on which was the name of the theatre. The female characters were played by men, who all sung in a shrill *falsetto*, and the plot was very straggling and obscure. The change of scene was effected by merely taking a chair away, or putting on a screen; and when the musicians were not playing they had a pipe. All the performers came on the left side, and went off on the right. In one scene there was a general battle, in which there was as much tumbling as fighting, in the violent style of the Bedouin Arabs; in fact, the actors were all, more or less, acrobats. The comic man performed a trick new to me. He jumped up very high, and, while in the air, threw his feet forward and kicked his adversary in the chest, knocking him down. At last Whampoa said, "Now they are married, and it's all over." So we left, and he drove me to the hotel.—ALBERT SMITH'S *To China and Back.*

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APRIL.

Again as Spring, with radiant wing,
To greet the greening earth advances,
Our April sky, like Laura's eye,
In mingled tears and laughter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a shiver;
To-day the rose half opes and blows,
To-morrow ice is in the river.

Through branching roots the spring life shoots,
The sap is swelling leaf and blossom;
In warmer flood the mantling blood
Now leaps through every human bosom.
Dear Annie's eye, though still and shy,
Yet glistens with a tenderer meaning,
And though too coy to own her joy,
We see her heart is toward us leaning.

O Month of Change! in all the range
Of seasons gayest and most subtle!
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